

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

I. RUSSIA AND INDIA,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	259
II. WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part VI.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	266
III. THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD,	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i>	276
IV. ERICA. Conclusion. Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the German of	<i>Frau von Ingersleben,</i>	286
V. THE GOTHIC FRAGMENTS OF ULFILAS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	300
VI. <i>ÆS</i> TRIPLEX,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	307
VII. A RECOLLECTION OF THE INDIAN MUTINY. By Thomas Farquhar,	<i>Sunday at Home,</i>	311
VIII. THE PLEASURES OF MEDIOCRITY,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	315
IX. A FEARFUL SWING,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	317
X. JAPANESE FANS,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	319

POETRY.

WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN,	258	LOVE'S CALENDAR,	258
IRISH SONG,	258	"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT,"	258

MISCELLANY,	320
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WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

HAVE you forgotten, little wife,
Our far-off childhood's golden life?
Our splendid castles on the sands,
The boat I made with my own hands,

The rain that caught us in the wood,
The cakes we had when we were good,
The doll I broke and made you cry,
When we were children, you and I?

Have you forgotten, little wife,
The dawning of that other life?
The strange new light the whole world wore,
When life love's perfect blossom bore?

The dreams we had, the songs we made,
The sunshine, and the woven shade,
The tears of many a sad good-bye,
When we were parted, you and I?

Ah, nay! your loving heart, I know,
Remembers still the long-ago;
It is the light of childhood's days
That shines through all your winning ways.

God grant we ne'er forget our youth,
Its innocence, and faith, and truth;
The smiles, the tears, and hopes gone by,
When we were children, you and I.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

Cassell's Magazine.

IRISH SONG.

ON Innisfallen's fairy isle,
Amid the blooming bushes,
We leant upon the lovers' stile,
And listened to the thrushes;
When first I sighed to see her smile,
And smiled to see her blushes.

Her hair was bright as beaten gold,
And soft as spider's spinning,
Her cheek outbloomed the apple od
That set our parents sinning,
And in her eyes you might behold
My joys and griefs beginning.

In Innisfallen's fairy grove
I hushed my happy wooing,
To listen to the brooding dove
Amid the branches cooing;
But oh! how short those hours of love,
How long their bitter rueing!

Poor cushat! thy complaining breast
With woe like mine is heaving.
With thee I mourn a fruitless quest;
For ah! with art deceiving
The cuckoo-bird has robbed my nest,
And left me wildly grieving.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."
Spectator.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

A YOUNG year's freshness in the air,
A spring-tide color to the wood;
The flowers in spring-time most are fair,
And life in spring-time most is good;
For why? — I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights
With crimson roses, passion red,
And moonlight for the hot, white nights,
And jasmine flowers, sweet, dew-fed.
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves,
And garnered fruit; and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And eaden skies above them set;
And wny e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess, when winter's here.

Winter, in wide, snow-covered plains,
And drifting sleet, and piercing wind,
That chills the blood within our veins,
But our warm hearts can never find —
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our hearts in spite of snow.
Argosy. E. NESBIT.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."*

DUC, alma Lux, circumstat umbra mundi,
Duc, alma Lux;
Est atra nox, mei jam vagabundi
Sis ergo dux:
Serva pedes, — non cupio longinqua
Videre; satis semita propinqua.

Non semper eram, ut nunc, doctus precari
Ductorem te, —
Magis me exploratorem gloriari:
Duc tamen me.
Præclara amabam, neque expers timorum
Regebam me: sis immemor actorum.

Tam diu præsens adfuit vocanti
Divina vox,
Sic erit vel per ima dubitanti
Dum fugit nox,
Et manè lucent nitidæ figuræ,
Notæ per annos, paullulum obscuræ.
Translated at sea, December, 1877. C. S. O.
Spectator.

* This bold attempt to render Dr. Newman's hymn in rhymed Latin stanzas, of the same number and the same number of lines as in the English original, is sent home to the translator's friends as the recreation of nights at sea by an English scholar on his way to the antipodes. Any old Oxford friends who may recognize the initials will feel the point and pathos added by the fact that news of the unlooked-for loss of a truly "nitida figura, nota per annos," which has darkened his home since he left it, is following him round the world. — J. O.

From The Nineteenth Century.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

THE supposed danger to our possession of India from the advance of Russia has now become an article of faith with a great many of our countrymen. Even that large proportion of them whose interest in Indian affairs is of such a vague sort that they would be puzzled to say in which hemisphere India is situated, and with whom central Asia is a geographical expression conveying no definite idea—even this class may be credited with a very real anxiety on the point. It must be admitted, moreover, that the sentiment is not confined to the ignorant, for many of those who are best informed on Asian affairs hold a strong opinion on the same side. Among Anglo-Indians themselves the alarmists would appear to be just now in a decided majority, and as they are presumably better acquainted with the subject than their fellow-countrymen at home, it may be thought that this fact affords a presumption for the reasonableness of the notion. But it must be remembered that India is a very dull country, and life there exceedingly monotonous, and in the absence of the forms of excitement available at home, frontier politics are naturally welcomed as some sort of substitute; nor should it be surprising if, in a society in which the military element largely predominates, the development of a state of feeling which would be likely to result in a spirited foreign policy should be regarded with toleration. On the other hand there are not wanting those who have access to the same facts whereon to form an opinion, who hold that our supremacy in India has nothing to fear from any attacks made against it in that quarter, even should they ever be attempted, and that, whatever cause England may have for jealousy of Russia in Europe, there is no real cause for alarm from her advances towards the East. The upholders of this view, it must be admitted, would probably be found in a minority, especially at the present time. But in order to arrive at a just verdict on the issue, it may be useful, instead of counting heads, to try and form a proper estimate of the real merits of the case.

The argument of the alarmists may be stated in a very few words. Russia is advancing by rapid strides in her dominion over the various countries of central Asia. The territories she has annexed so far are barren, profitless conquests; they can therefore only be a means to an end, which again can be nothing else but our Indian possessions, the rich goal to be reached after her long and weary pilgrimage. And what we have to expect is a repetition, some day or other, of what has happened already so often in the history of India, an invasion from the north-west frontier, with the object that has been so often achieved before, the conquest and permanent occupation of the country by the hardy and warlike races of central Asia. And the question which exercises a great many minds is, when and where shall we oppose ourselves to check and baffle this dangerous movement? Indeed opinions differ more about the best mode of meeting the danger than about the existence of the danger. Some are for awaiting the enemy within our frontier, and catching him as he debouches from the mountains; others denounce this as bad strategy, and would anticipate the invasion by going to meet the enemy beyond the frontier and occupying ourselves the strong ground which now intervenes between us. But by both sides the reality of the danger has been taken for granted.

In endeavoring to weigh properly the evidence for and against this notion, it must be admitted in the first place, in favor of the alarmist view, that the defence sometimes attempted to be set up in justification of Russian progress, from the supposed analogy of our own gradual occupation of India, fails under examination. The conquest of central Asia by Russia has resembled the conquest of India by the English in only the most superficial way. In our case this advance became a political necessity from the first day of our entering on the field of Indian politics, although the fact was not clearly discerned except by a few statesmen whose views were in advance of their times. Our frontier could never be secure till the natural frontier was reached of the Himalaya and the sea. And it was far more costly to

guard our territories against the attacks of neighboring states than to occupy those states with our own troops, and extend the state of peace and settled government still further and further. At whatever point we halted in our advance, a fresh line confronted us of dangerous and hostile frontier, involving the need of large garrisons maintained in a state of constant watchfulness. On this account the policy of Lord Wellesley was essentially a policy of peace. He would have made internal wars impossible in India by occupying the whole country with British garrisons. And so the annexation of the Punjab was eminently conducive to peace, by transforming a warlike and dangerous neighbor, who needed that a large armament should be kept up to watch him, into a peaceful subject, and adding to the general revenues without increasing the charge of government. For this reason the ultimate extension of British dominion over the whole of India has been inevitable from the first. But no necessity on military or financial grounds impels Russia to advance. The petty states of central Asia, as each in succession finds itself her neighbor, offer her no threats, but, like the shipwrecked voyagers in the cave of Polyphemus, await trembling their turn for being swallowed up. But although Russia is not impelled to this continued advance by the needs of the military and financial situation, and, as some think, loses much more than she gains in both ways with every step she takes, not the less is her progress the result of necessity, but necessity rather of a moral than a material kind, and which must always arise whenever an organized government comes into contact with barbarous or uncivilized peoples. Between states thus differently constituted peace and good fellowship are, from the nature of the case, impossible; sooner or later cause of offence is given to the more civilized power, and the quarrel once set up is followed by one inevitable result. Even had it been against their interest instead of to their advantage to do so, the English would assuredly have established their supremacy throughout India in the long run, after they once made a beginning by occupying a portion of the

country; and it is reasonable to believe that when once the Russians began to establish themselves in central Asia, their dominion must equally have gone on extending even if there had been no India at the end of the goal.

Yes, it may be replied, but then it so happens that India does lie at the end of the goal, which makes all the difference. True, but there is one consideration which, when the matter is discussed, seems usually to be left altogether out of sight. We are apt to forget, or rather we omit to note, how much the military position of Russia is weakened, how much less formidable she becomes, the further she advances to the east. We hear a great deal about her establishing a base at every point of conquest, from which to make the next advance, but in reality this merely means that a very long line is getting still longer and consequently weaker. So much has been said lately about the use of employing a large map when dealing with this subject, that probably a juster notion than was formerly prevalent now obtains of the enormous distances involved; but no map gives a complete view of the difficulties involved in maintaining a base of operations along the line in question, by reason of the physical obstacles to be encountered—the deserts, the mountains, the villanous climate, and the want of population. We are told, indeed, that it is only eight hundred miles, as the crow flies, from the Caspian to Tashkend, and five hundred more, bating deserts, from Tashkend to Merv, a fertile district where food is grown sufficient for an army; and Merv again being less than three hundred miles from Herat, while Herat is only six hundred from Peshawur, may be said to be next door to India. This insistence on the value of Merv, by the way, which is a very noticeable feature in the arguments referred to, is merely to say that food is to be got at some point of the line; if the whole country to be traversed were as devoid of resources as the greater part, then there would be an end of the matter—no army, small or large, could make use of it. But what the greater part is like any one can judge for himself by the accounts contained in such books as

Burnes's "Bokhara," Wood's "Journey to the Oxus," Vambéry's "Travels," Schuyler's "Turkestan," and Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." The two last-named works moreover bring out very clearly the fact that the Russian military establishments in these parts are so far on a very small scale, sufficient for their purpose of subduing the petty rulers of these regions, but utterly insignificant as a means for meeting on equal terms the military power of India, and that even these small establishments are maintained with difficulty in so poor a country.

Not a bad way of viewing the case is to put ourselves in the place of Russia, and discuss the feasibility of an advance in force towards the same regions. Kurra-chee is less than a month's sail from England, over tranquil seas; so that this part of the distance is practically annihilated. From Kurrachee there will shortly be a railway up the Indus, from which it is only two hundred miles to Quettah, and Quettah again is only six hundred miles from Merv, where a British army would find abundant supplies. What therefore could be easier than an undertaking of this sort? Now at Merv we should be much nearer our base of operations than Russia would be to hers, and able to bring an overwhelming superiority of force. Yet we all know very well how such a scheme would be received by even the most pronounced advocates for anticipating Russian designs by a spirited policy. An advance to a point so distant from our base would be pronounced in the last degree foolhardy and rash, and on the score of expense alone beyond the range of practical consideration; and this by men who speak as if Russia had only to place a gunboat or two on the Caspian, or to lay down a railway over the steppes—a line which the climate will render extremely difficult to keep open in winter—to be master of the situation. We should be told, too, of the hostility that such an advance would excite among the various peoples whose territories we had to occupy; but is it not obvious that this enmity has already been incurred by Russia over a broad region of central Asia? With these races the power which brings them under subjection is

of course their natural enemy; the one that holds aloof their natural ally. Heaven forbid that we should ever be compelled to act in alliance with such ruffians, to employ whom in war would be only one degree less revolting than to use Red Indians; still the fact remains that England need only hold up her hand to raise all central Asia upon Russia.

A good deal has been said about the supposed greater influence of Russia over the Persian government than we could exercise; whence it is argued that the resources of Persia, such as they are, could be used against us; but even among Orientals the ordinary motives which govern human nature find effect, and it is not reasonable to suppose that Persia, which sees her grasping neighbor extending her dominion on every side, should be in greater sympathy with Russia than with England, which she must know has no object to gain at her expense. And if, in the event of war, a diversion were made from India on the side of Persia, what would become of the attenuated line of Russian communications, reaching from the Caspian almost to the boundary of China? The truth appears to be, that Russia, so far from gaining power in the East, is really becoming weaker by each extension of her territory in that direction, while England becomes relatively stronger. The people who inhabit these regions have not as yet become amalgamated with the Russian empire, but are thoroughly hostile to it, and the country is held by purely military rule on a weak strategical line. Russia, by her occupation of this territory, has in effect given a mortgage for her good behavior which England, if necessary, could foreclose. It is Russia and not England which need fear a collision in this quarter, the effect of which would be to throw her back again for many a year.

The policy of the Russians themselves may, however, be brought up as an objection to this view of the case. If their position is so strategically weak, it may be asked, why do they occupy it? Besides, the Russians themselves make no secret of their aims and intentions.

The first of these objections has been to a certain extent anticipated by what has

gone before. In constantly advancing so far, Russia has practically been unable to help herself, but has been driven onwards by the necessary consequence of contact between two races in different stages of civilization. Her progress may be explained on this ground alone, without giving her credit for sinister motives. It must however be admitted, that even if the views of the Russian government on this head were moderate in themselves, they may often be but coldly responded to, or even opposed, by its agents. There is probably nothing more difficult for despotic governments than to secure obedience. Nor, if they could insure obedience, does it follow that they have a monopoly of wisdom; on the contrary, it is reasonable to believe that a despotic government may often fail to secure the best instruments for its service. In India, where no political or family considerations interfere to prevent the best choice being made, it yet often happens that dull men rise to high positions; under a government which lends itself to the full operation of favoritism, we may readily believe that the service of the State is often entrusted to very inefficient agents. And it is pertinent to ask whether Russia has lately shown any marks of being directed by special wisdom. It seems to be generally taken for granted that the late war is to tend to her advantage, but it may be permitted at least to express a doubt whether, next after Turkey, Russia will not be found to have been the greatest loser by the war, and whether, apart from any question of morality, her policy may not prove to have been highly injurious to her own interests, just as was the policy which led up to the Crimean war.

But then again it may be replied to this view that, admitting Russia is often shortsighted, and acts sometimes against her real interest, still that merely goes to prove the reality of the danger of Russian aggression. For that her plans may be likely to recoil on herself affords no reason why she should not try to carry them out. Are we not, however, dealing in fiction when we speak of there being such a thing as a definite and persistent Russian policy in these matters? It is easy to understand and believe in the reality of a national aspiration for unity, for example, or that of a people under a foreign yoke for liberty, and that a sentiment of this sort implanted in the national mind should be transmitted from one generation to another. But to suppose a bureaucratic government to be always continuously

actuated by the desire to pursue a specific course of policy, and to be always persistently following it up, is to assume that such bodies are exempt from the ordinary failings to which mortals are liable. We may safely infer rather that so long as human beings vary, so long succeeding rulers will be likely to display differences of mood and character which must affect the policy of their governments, despotic rulers more than any; while among the agents of such governments there will surely be found all the phases of indecision, and vacillation, and imperfect execution, due to the various infirmities of human nature—a more than adequate share of the indolence and stupidity and vanity which clog so much of the world's business.

The gist of the argument here advanced is, then, that there is no sufficient evidence for crediting Russia with a definite policy which aims at ousting us out of our Indian possessions, her advance across central Asia being reasonably accounted for otherwise. And if it be said that, whatever be the policy of Russia, this is at least the undisguised aim of some of the agents of her government, it may be replied that, if this be so, any attempt to carry it out is likely to recoil upon herself. Just in proportion as she extends her long line of posts to the eastward through a hostile country, does her military position become the weaker; and if ever the two great powers do come into hostile contact, the nearer that point of contact is to India the greater in a military point of view will be our relative advantage. Lastly, it may not be out of place to point out, what our countrymen are too apt to leave out of sight when considering the matter, that, whatever may be their notion of the dangers to British interests involved in the extension of Russian dominion in the East, it is at any rate an unmixed good to the regions which have come under its sway. We may not have been led to form a very exalted estimate of Russian government, measured by the standard applied to the civilized administrations of the West; but it is perfection compared with the reign of brutality which it has replaced. Let the reader turn to the account of Bokhara given by Vambéry—not by any means a champion of Russia—or let him remember the tortures inflicted by the barbarous ruler of that country on our own Stoddart and Conolly; let him also bear in mind how much Russia has already accomplished towards the extinction of the slave-trade in central Asia with its abominable attendant

cruelties, and it must in candor be admitted that her conquest of these regions has been a real gain to humanity. Indeed, since we ourselves are not prepared to undertake the task, it is the only possible means apparent for rescuing those countries from the barbarous desolation which now overspreads them, and restoring to them some portion of the prosperity of which they were once the scene. Russia may exercise a narrow commercial policy, and make a foolish mystery about admitting foreigners into her outposts, but at any rate travellers who succeed in visiting those parts can do so without running the risk of being first tortured and then murdered. And if the considerations here offered have any real force, our countrymen may be able to do justice to the good work which Russia is accomplishing in this part of the world, without allowing their equanimity to be disturbed by needless alarms of the consequences to ourselves.

Are we therefore to lay aside all precaution, and to abandon our attitude of watchfulness or even suspicion? Certainly not. It must be admitted, indeed, that we have done our best to make the danger a real one by the great importance we have ourselves attached to it. The Russian humorist must often have cause for amusement in noticing how great effects can be produced from trifling causes—the importance attached in England to the movement of some petty Russian outpost, the excitement caused in India by some almost bloodless skirmish several hundred miles away; and considering how persistently we have been educating our Indian subjects through the press to believe in our fear of Russian influence, it would be surprising if we had not been in a certain degree successful. But there is surely a middle course practicable between blind confidence and the undignified prognostications often so freely indulged in. For a people who have their fair share of courage, surely we English are strangely addicted to taking alarm at political bugbears. Does another nation set up manufactures, our commercial supremacy is about to pass away from us. A check occurs to the expansion of our trade, and it is forthwith assumed that our prosperity is on the wane. The cry that the material for our soldiery is falling off in quality has been raised many a time before during the last century, while every change in the condition of the navy has been held to forebode calamity to the nation whose defence was bound up in its wooden walls. The same

sort of spirit runs through much that is said about Indian affairs. It was gravely asserted the other day in a newspaper that the capture of Kars had lowered our prestige in every Indian bazaar. Now certainly it may be admitted that our hold on India is based on opinion, although the aphorism will hardly bear all the strained applications it is often put to; and if it had been we who had lost Kars, the effect on our prestige might be serious enough. But the sort of prestige which a third party C is in danger of losing because A, with whom he has nothing to do, suffers an injury from B is surely of so evanescent a kind as not to be worth keeping. The people of India, like some more educated communities, are much addicted to gossip, and are ready enough to believe anything they hear without inquiring too closely into the evidence. This need not surprise us. When we find our own friends and neighbors ready to attach credence to any scandalous story which goes the round of London society, if only it is sufficiently improbable, and the subjects of it highly placed enough, what more natural than that people with even less occupation and fewer opportunities of getting at the truth should greedily swallow the floating rumors of the hour, especially when they see the English newspapers from which they get their items take them so seriously? In every petty native court, no doubt, the news of the day, served up with such spice in the way of bazaar gossip as may give flavor to the dish, is eagerly discussed, with a more or less imperfect appreciation of its import, for a knowledge of European history and geography is not a common accomplishment in these quarters; but it would be quite a mistake to suppose that the people or the princes of India are at all moved in consequence to any action, or that there is any evidence of the existence among them of a spirit of combination for throwing off our authority. The different native governments of India have never at any period of their history exhibited any capacity for political combination, while such a thing is unknown to the people. What they most desire is to be let alone, and to suppose that they are profoundly affected, or affected at all, by what passes in Europe or other parts of Asia, seems to be an assumption as far-fetched as that lately made by Sir Charles Trevelyan in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that we should forfeit the respect and confidence of the people of India if we did not come forward to liberate the Christian races of

Bulgaria. Probably not one Indian in a hundred thousand has ever heard of Bulgaria, or knows that the sultan rules over any but Mussulman subjects. To credit the simple agriculturists who make up the great bulk of the people of India with this degree of political acumen is about as reasonable as it would be to suppose that the Dorsetshire peasant watches with profound interest the course of legislation in the Austro-Hungarian empire, or the progress of a discussion on the ultimate composition of matter. This is an absurdity in the other direction. One side represent the Indian as profoundly moved by the news of foreign wars, and ready to join in any desperate enterprise for throwing off the English yoke; the other as a being whose loyalty to the British government is determined by approbation of the benevolent principles which govern their conduct. The real fact would appear to be that the Indian is a very ignorant but very inoffensive creature, who only wants to be suffered to dwell in quietness and not taxed inordinately, and who is vastly more interested in discussing the character of the English magistrate, or other official with whom he comes immediately in contact, than in talking about things of which he has never heard. And with regard to the upper classes of Indians it is surely but reasonable, when making forecasts of their probable conduct in the future, to take into consideration their behavior in the past. If ever there was a time when it might be expected that they would turn against us, it was during the Mutiny. Their dearest interests were threatened by the policy of annexation which had just at that time been so loudly asserted, while the fabric on which English power had been built up during a long course of years had suddenly crumbled away. Here then was the opportunity, favorable beyond what their most fervid expectations could have pictured, for throwing off the English yoke and establishing their independence. Nevertheless, with scarcely an exception, they withstood the temptation, and held by us loyally in our direst need. In face of such evidence as this, surely the dictates of both reason and honesty should lead us to give the heads of our tributary states credit for being still actuated by the motives which governed their conduct on that critical occasion, and to turn a deaf ear to the rumors now so busily propagated, which have no better foundation than the petty gossip always in course of fabrication for the credulous.

These considerations are not offered for the benefit of the Anglo-Indian community, who will for the most part treat these idle rumors at their proper value, so much as for the people of England, whose knowledge of India is usually of such an elementary sort that they may be as ready to be made uneasy without any real cause as to suppose that the ethical propositions of Sir Charles Trevelyan convey a profound political truth. At the same time it must be observed that the tendency to exaggerate the importance of trifling occurrences which is manifested at the present time originates in India, while it is aggravated of course by the increased facility for sending news about the world. The late expedition beyond the north-west frontier is a case in point. The tribes which occupy the regions in question have been noted for their lawless and savage disposition from the earliest times. They offered a desperate resistance to the advance of Alexander the Great, and they were a source of constant trouble to the Mogul emperors, and later to the Sikhs; and as soon as we replaced the Sikhs on the frontier, and came in contact with them, they began to annoy us. And numerous expeditions have been made during the thirty years of our occupation of the Punjab to chastise one or other of these lawless tribes for acts of hostility. Now, quite apart from the question whether our attitude towards these people has been the most judicious possible, and whether they might not have been kept in order by adopting some other course—an opinion one may respect without assenting to—the point to be insisted on here is that the trouble is essentially a local one, of no deep political import, and which is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that a strong and civilized government finds itself face to face with a turbulent race, to whom law, as we understand it, is unknown. And so, until quite lately, the matter was viewed. Every regiment stationed at Peshawur expected as a matter of course to have a turn of duty in one of these expeditions, and took the matter as coming, so to speak, in the day's work. Sometimes the fighting was pretty hard, and rising officers made their reputations; at other times the expedition proved to be merely a demonstration; but in every case the affair was appraised at its real political value, as essentially a local difficulty, the influence of which was quite unfelt anywhere beyond the immediate scene of action, and about which it behaved not to make too much fuss. But now forsooth

the same thing is to be dealt with as part of a chain of important events connected with the whole central Asian question, and with Russia looming large in the background. The Jowaki expedition has been the mildest, from a military point of view, of any yet undertaken; yet the movements of the little force were gravely chronicled from day to day, as if all England were watching its progress; the leading Indian newspaper set up a special correspondent in the camp, and the important fact that a solitary Jowaki was killed is telegraphed all over the country. The English in India laugh at this; but people at home, seeing that the press think the news worth spending so much upon, begin to think that something serious is going on. The telegraph, indeed, is responsible for a good deal of this morbid excitement and anxiety. A European gentleman in the service of a native state who will not work harmoniously with the officials of the Indian government is required to resign, under the provisions of a treaty clause which has always been in existence to govern such cases, and which has repeatedly been enforced; this is telegraphed to England as a grave political occurrence, and questions are put and answered about it in Parliament. An Indian prince omits a visit of ceremony; and the omission, if it has really occurred, would no doubt be taken notice of in the proper quarter, and there the matter would have ended. But this, too, is telegraphed to England, and we are asked to scent the coming danger in the air, while significant remarks are added, eminently calculated to produce ill-feeling on both sides, on the large military establishment the prince in question is keeping up; the circumstance that he showed the most perfect loyalty and good faith in a time of our direst need is to be allowed to weigh as nothing in face of a breach of etiquette, as if princes were never to be allowed to be out of temper. It is on the evidence furnished by these and such-like scraps of miserable gossip that some portions of the English press are ready to base an alarmist cry that our Indian rule is in danger, one newspaper only a few days ago gravely asserting that the combination of the native states for rising against us is now matured, and only awaits the signal from Russia to declare itself; and no doubt it finds plenty of readers ready to believe a statement unsupported by a particle of evidence. A leading newspaper published lately a telegram from its Indian correspondent to the effect that the amir of Cabul was mobilizing his

army with hostile design. It is certainly possible that he may be doing so, because everything is possible to the whimsical nature of an oriental prince; but, considering the comparative attitudes and positions of England and Russia with regard to Afghanistan, the rumor is at least extremely improbable. And even if it were true, the fact is about as important as if Costa Rica were mobilizing her navy for invading England. Afghanistan might be a troublesome country to occupy, but for offensive purposes it is practically powerless.

Are we then to believe that no dangers beset our rule in India, and that no precautions are necessary? Assuredly not: on the contrary, the conviction produced on the minds of some of the most courageous and experienced of our Indian administrators is that we are always living there over a mine, which may indeed never be fired, but which may explode at any time. The difficulty is to say from what quarter the match will be applied. Hitherto the predictions made about coming danger have always proved false. No one predicted the Mutiny. Lord Dalhousie surrendered his office under the full belief that he left India firmly established in the course of peace and prosperity. Sir Charles Napier, who disagreed with Lord Dalhousie on every point, drew a vivid picture of the dangers he thought he could discern in the state of the country, but amongst these he did not include a mutiny of the army. On the contrary, he proposed a measure which, perhaps more than any other, would probably have conducted to precipitate it, the massing of a large force of sepoy in the imperial city of Delhi. And when the Mutiny did break out, the course it took was altogether different from what was universally expected. No one who knew anything of the Bengal sepoys anticipated that the decrepid native officers would retain their places throughout the war at the head of their regiments; it was unanimously expected by the European officers who had passed their lives with them, that these old men would have to give place to younger and more adventurous spirits. Another prediction falsified by the event was that the Hindoo and Mussulman sepoys would fall out with and separate from each other. Still less was it expected that the people of the country generally would look on at the struggle with indifference, and that the princes of India, standing loyally by the paramount power, would take an active part against our rebellious army.

When probability and the conclusions of experience have once been falsified so signally, who shall venture to prophesy about the future? The new conditions which are arising every year in India, if in some respects they tend to strengthen our hold on the country, introduce also new and special elements of danger, and every one who pleases may readily forecast for himself a combination of possible circumstances which, if they did occur, would suffice to produce our downfall. But no one can properly assert that a particular thing the possibility of which can be foreseen is therefore a probable occurrence. As it has been said with epigrammatic force, nothing is likely to happen in India but what is unexpected. While, therefore, it behoves the government to maintain an attitude of unceasing watchfulness and preparation, mindful always of the abnormal and extraordinary conditions under which our Indian empire is held, the people of England may exhibit with advantage a more dignified attitude in this matter than has been lately manifested, not lending a too ready ear to every idle rumor, or forming unsound notions of the condition of the country on imperfect and inaccurate information, or allowing themselves to be frightened by political hobgoblins of Russian intrigue or native disaffection. Above all, we shall do well to act on the golden maxim which should govern every man's judgment in public as well as private, that, in the absence of any evidence for or against, we ought to judge of people by their past conduct. If we find that the princes of India have stood loyally by us under the greatest temptation, we have no right to assume without proper proof that they are ready to intrigue against us now; and the people of the country having shown so far no impatience of our rule, it is unreasonable, in the absence of any clear evidence to that effect, to believe in the present existence of such a feeling.

GEORGE CHESNEY.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER EVENING AT THE DEANERY.

MR. RIDSDALE had perhaps never touched, and rarely heard, anything so bad as the old cracked piano which Lottie had

inherited from her mother, and which was of the square form now obsolete, of a kind which brokers (the only dealers in the article) consider very convenient, as combining the character of a piano and a sideboard. Very often had Lottie's piano served the purpose of a sideboard, but it was too far gone to be injured — nothing could make it worse. Nevertheless Mr. Ridsdale played the accompaniments upon it, without a word, to Lottie's admiration and wonder, for he seemed to be able to draw forth at his fingers' ends a volume of sound which she did not suppose to be within the power of the old instrument. He had brought several songs with him, being fully minded to hear her that morning, whatever obstacles might be in the way. But it so happened that there were no obstacles whatever in the way; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was of the greatest service as audience. With the true talent of a manager, Mr. Ridsdale addressed himself to the subjugation of his public. He placed before Lottie the song from "Marta," to which, hearing it thus named, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy prepared herself to listen with a certain amiable scorn. "Ah, we shall have you crying in five minutes," he said. "Is it me you're meaning?" she cried in high scorn. But the fact was that when the melting notes of "The Last Rose of Summer" came forth from Lottie's lips, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was altogether taken by surprise, and carried out Rollo's prophecy to the letter by weeping abundantly. There was much of Mr. Ridsdale's music which Lottie could not sing — indeed, it would have been wonderful if she had been able to do so, as he had brought with him the finest *morceaux* of a dozen operas, and Lottie's musical education had been of the slightest. But he so praised, and flattered, and encouraged her that she went on from song to song at his bidding, making the best attempt at them that was possible, while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sat by and listened. Her presence there was of the utmost consequence to them. It at once converted Rollo's visit into something allowable and natural, and it gave him a pretence for beginning what was really an examination into Lottie's powers and compass, at once of voice and of intelligence. Lottie, innocent of any scheme, or of any motive he could have, save simple pleasure in her singing, exerted herself to please him with the same mixture of gratitude and happy prepossession with which she had thought of him for so long. If she could give a little pleasure to him who had given her

his love and his heart (for what less could it be that he had given her?) it was well her part, she thought, to do so. She felt that she owed him everything she could do for him, to recompense him for that gift which he had given her unawares. So she stood by him in a soft humility, not careful that she was showing her own ignorance, thinking only of pleasing him. What did it matter if he were pleased whether she attained the highest excellence? She said sweetly, "I know I cannot do it, but if you wish it I will try," and attempted feats which in other circumstances would have appalled her. And the fact was, that thus forgetting herself, and thinking only of pleasing him, Lottie sang better than she had ever done in her life, better than she had done in the Deanery on the previous night. She committed a thousand faults, but these faults were as nothing in comparison with the melody of her voice and the purity of her taste. Rollo became like one inspired. All the enthusiasm of an amateur, and all the zeal of an enterprising manager, were in him. The old piano rolled out notes of which in its own self it was quite incapable under his rapid fingers. He seemed to see her with all London before her, at her feet, and he (so to speak) at once the discoverer and the possessor of this new star. No wonder the old pianogrew ecstatic under his touch; he who had gone through so many vicissitudes, who had made so many failures — at last it seemed evident to him that his fortune was made. Unfortunately (though that he forgot for the moment) he had felt his fortune to be made on several occasions before.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy gave a great many nods and smiles when at last he went away. "I say nothing, me dear, but I have my eyesight," she said, "and a blind man could see what's in the wind. So that is how it is, Lottie, me darling? Well, well! I always said you were the prettiest girl that had been in the lodges this many a year. I don't envy ye, me love, your rise in the world. And I hope, Lottie, when ye're me lady, ye'll not forget your old friends."

"How should I ever be my lady?" said Lottie; "indeed, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I don't know what you mean."

"No, me honey, the likes of you never do, till the right moment comes," said the old lady, going down the narrow stairs. She kissed her hand to Lottie, who looked after from the window, as she appeared on the pavement outside, and with her bonnet-strings flying loose turned in at her own

door. Her face was covered with smiles, and her mind full of a new interest. She could not refrain from going into the major's little den, and telling him. "Nonsense!" the major said, incredulous; "one of your mare's-nests." "Sure it was a great deal better than a mare, it was turtle-doves made the nest I'm thinking of," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; and she took off her bonnet and seated herself at her window, from which she inspected the world, with a new warmth of interest, determined not to lose a single incident in this new fairy-tale.

Law came out of his room where he had been "reading" when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went away. "What has all this shrieking been about," said Law, "and thumping on that old beast of a piano? You are always at a fellow about reading, and when he does read you disturb him with your noise. How do you think I could get on with all that miauling going on? Who has been here?"

"Mr. Ridsdale has been here," said Lottie demurely. "He brought me a note from Lady Caroline, and I am going again to the Deanery to-night."

Law whistled a long whew—ew! "Again, to-night! she'd better ask you to go and live there," said the astounded boy; and he said no more about his interrupted reading, but put his big book philosophically away; for who could begin to read again after all the disturbances of the morning, and after such a piece of news as this?

Lottie dressed herself with more care than ever that evening. She began to wish for ornaments, and to realize how few her decorations were; the little pearl locket was so small, and her arms seemed so bare without any bracelets. However, she made herself little bands of black velvet, and got the maid to fasten them on. She had never cared much before. She spent a much longer time than usual over the arrangement of her hair. Above all she wanted to look like a lady, to show that, though their choice of her was above what could have been expected, it was not above the level of what she was used to. Their choice of her—that was how it seemed to Lottie. The young lover had chosen, as it is fit the lover should do; but Lady Caroline had ratified his selection, and Lottie, proud, yet entirely humble in the tender humility born of gratitude, wanted to show that she could do credit to their choice. She read the note which purported to be Lady Caroline's over and over again—how kind it was! Lady Car-

oline's manner perhaps was not quite so kind. People could not control their manner. The kindest heart was often belied, Lottie was aware, by a stiffness, an awkwardness, perhaps only a shyness, which disguised their best intentions. But the very idea of asking her was kind, and the letter was so kind that she made up her mind never again to mistake Lady Caroline. She had a difficulty in expressing herself, no doubt. She was indolent, perhaps. At her age and in her position it was not wonderful if one got indolent; but in her heart she was kind. This Lottie repeated to herself as she put the roses in her hair. In her heart Lady Caroline was kind; the girl felt sure that she could never mistake her, never be disappointed in her again. And in this spirit she tripped across the Dean's Walk, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy watching from her window. It was almost dark, but it was not one of the signor's nights for practice, and only a few of the inhabitants of the Abbey precincts were enjoying the air on the terrace pavement. They all saw her as she came out in the twilight with her uncovered head. Law had gone out, and there was nobody to go with her this time to the Deanery door. But Lottie had no difficulty in finding an escort, as she came out, looking round her shyly to watch for a quiet moment when no one was about. Captain Temple came forward, who lived two doors off, and was passing as she came to the little garden gate. He was the *preux chevalier* of all the chevaliers. He came forward with a fatherly smile upon his kind face. "You are looking for some one to go with you," he said; "your father has gone out. I saw him. Let me take his place."

"Oh, thanks! I am going to the Deanery. I thought Law would have waited for me."

"Law, like others of his age, has his own concerns to think of," said Captain Temple, "but I am used to this kind of work. You have heard of my girl, Miss Despard?"

"Yes, Captain Temple —" Lottie, touched suddenly in the sympathetic sentiment of her own beginning life, looked up at him with wistful eyes.

"She was a pretty creature, like yourself, my dear. My wife and I often talk of you and think you like her. She was lost to us before she went out of the world, and I think it broke her heart — as well as ours. Take care of the damp grass with your little white shoes."

"Oh, Captain Temple, do not come with

me," said Lottie, with tears in her eyes. "I can go very well alone. It is too hard upon you."

"No — I like it, my dear. My wife cannot talk of it, but I like to talk of it. You must take care not to marry any one that will carry you quite away from your father's house."

"As if that would matter! As if papa would care!" Lottie said in her heart, with a half pity, half envy, of Captain Temple's lost daughter; but this was but a superficial feeling in comparison with the great compassion she had for him. The old chevalier took her across the road as tenderly and carefully as if even her little white shoes were worth caring for. There was a moist brightness about his eyes as he looked at her pretty figure. "The roses are just what you ought to wear," he said. "And whenever you want any one to take care of you in this way, send for me; I shall like to do it. Shall I come back for you in case your father should be late?"

"Oh, Captain Temple, papa never minds! but it is quite easy to get back," she said, thinking that perhaps this time

he —
"I think it is always best that a young lady should have her own attendant, and not depend on any one to see her home," said the old captain. And he rang the bell at the Deanery door, and took off his hat with a smile which almost made Lottie forget Lady Caroline. She went into the drawing-room accordingly much less timidly than she had ever done before, and no longer felt any fear of Mr. Jeremie, who admitted her, though he was a much more imposing person than Captain Temple. This shade of another life which had come over her seemed to protect Lottie, and strengthen her mind. The drawing-room was vaguely lighted with clusters of candles here and there, and at first she saw nobody, nor was there any indication held out to her that the mistress of the house was in the room, except the solemn tone of Jeremie's voice announcing her. Lottie thought Lady Caroline had not come in from the dining-room, and strayed about looking at the books and ornaments on the tables. She even began to hum an air quietly to herself, by way of keeping up her own courage, and it was not till she had almost taken her seat unawares on Lady Caroline's dress, extended on the sofa, that she became aware that she was not alone. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried out in a sudden panic. "I thought there was no

one in the room." Lady Caroline made no remark at all, except to say, "How do you do, Miss Despard?" That was what she had made up her mind to say, feeling it to be quite enough for the occasion — and Lady Caroline did not easily change her mind when it was once made up. She thought it very impertinent of this girl to come in and look at the photographs on the tables, and even to take the liberty of singing, but there was no calculating what these sort of people might do. She had nearly sat down on Lady Caroline's feet! "This is what I put up with for Rollo," the poor lady said to herself; and it seemed to her that a great deal of gratitude from Rollo was certainly her due. She did not move, nor did she ask Miss Despard to sit down; but Lottie, half in fright, dropped into a chair very near this strange piece of still life on the sofa. The girl had been very much frightened to see her, and for a moment was speechless with the horror of it. Nearly to sit down upon Lady Caroline! and a moment of silence ensued. Lady Caroline did not feel in the least inclined to begin a conversation. She had permitted the young woman to be invited, and she had said "How do you do, Miss Despard?" and she did not know what more could be expected from her. So they sat close together in the large, half-visible, dimly illuminated room, with the large window open to the night, and said nothing to each other. Lottie, who was the visitor, was embarrassed, but Lady Caroline was not embarrassed. She felt no more need to speak than did the table with the photographs upon it which Lottie had stopped to look at. As for Lottie, she bore it as long as she could, the stillness of the room, the flicker of the candles, the dash and fall of a moth now and then flying across the lights, and the immovable figure on the sofa with its feet tucked up, and floods of beautiful rich silk enveloping them. A strange sense that Lady Caroline was not living at all, that it was only the picture of a woman that was laid out on the sofa came over her. In her nervousness she began to tremble, then felt inclined to laugh. At last it became evident to Lottie that to speak was a necessity, to break the spell which might otherwise stupefy her senses too.

"It is a beautiful night," was all she managed to say; could anything be more feeble? but Lady Caroline gave no reply. She made the usual little movement of her eyelids, which meant an assent; indeed it was not a remark which required reply. And the silence fell on them again

as bad as ever. The night air blew in, the moths whirled about the candles, dashed against the globe of the lamp, dropped on the floor with fatal infinitesimal booms of tragic downfall; and Lady Caroline lay on the sofa, with eyes directed to vacancy, looking at nothing. Lottie, with the roses in her hair, and so much life tingling in her, could not endure it. She wanted to go and shake the vision on the sofa, she wanted to cry out and make some noise or other to save herself from the spell. At last, when she could keep silence no longer, she jumped up, throwing over a small screen which stood near in her vehemence of action. "Shall I sing you something, Lady Caroline?" she said.

Lady Caroline was startled by the fall of the screen. She watched till it was picked up, actually looking at Lottie, which was some advance; then she said, "If you please, Miss Despard," in her calm tones. And Lottie, half out of herself, made a dash at the grand piano, though she knew she could not play. She struck a chord or two, trembling all over, and began to sing. This time she did not feel the neglect or unkindness of the way she was treated. It was a totally different sensation. A touch of panic, a touch of amusement, was in it. She was afraid that she might be petrified too if she did nothing to break the spell. But as she began to sing, with a quaver in her voice, and a little shiver of nervous chilliness in her person, the door opened, and voices, half-discerned figures of men, life and movement, came pouring in. Lottie came to an abrupt stop in the middle of a bar.

"This will never do," said the suave dean; "you make too much noise, Rollo. You have frightened Miss Despard in the middle of her song."

Then Rollo came forward into the light spot round the piano, looking very pale; he was a good deal more frightened than Lottie was. Could it be possible that she had made a false note? He was in an agony of horror and alarm. "I — make a noise!" he said; "my dear uncle!" He looked at her with appealing eyes full of anguish. "You were not — singing, Miss Despard? I am sure you were not singing, only trying the piano."

"I thought it would perhaps — amuse Lady Caroline." Lottie did not know what she had done that was wrong. The signor wore an air of trouble too. Only Mr. Ashford's face, looking kindly at her, as one followed another into the light,

reassured her. She turned to him with a little anxiety. "I cannot play; it is quite true; perhaps I ought not to have touched the piano," she said.

"You were startled," said the minor canon kindly. "Your voice fluttered like those candles in the draught." The others still looked terribly serious, and did not speak.

"And I sang false," said Lottie; "I heard myself. It was terrible; but I thought I was stiffening into stone," she said, in an undertone, and she gave an alarmed look at Lady Caroline on the sofa. This restored the spirits of the other spectators, who looked at each other relieved.

"Thank heaven she knew it," Rollo whispered to the signor; "it was fright, pure fright — and my aunt —"

"What else did you suppose it was?" answered in the same tone, but with some scorn, the signor.

"Miss Despard, don't think you are to be permitted to accompany yourself," said Rollo. "Here are two of us waiting your pleasure. Signor, I will not pretend to interfere when you are there. May we have again that song you were so good — Ah, pardon me," he cried, coming close to her to get the music. "I do not want to lose a minute. I have been on thorns this half-hour. I ought to have been here waiting ready to receive you as you ought to be received."

"Oh, it did not matter," said Lottie, confused. "I am sorry I cannot play. I wanted — to try — to amuse Lady Caroline."

By this time the signor had arranged the music on the piano, and began to play. The dean had gone off to the other end of the room, where the evening paper, the last edition, had been laid awaiting him on a little table on which stood a reading-lamp. The green shade of the lamp concentrated the light upon the paper, and the white hands of the reader, and his long limbs and his little table, making a new picture in the large dim room. On the opposite side sat Lady Caroline, who had withdrawn her feet hastily from the sofa, and sat bolt upright as a tribute to the presence of the "gentlemen." These two pieces of still life appeared to Lottie vaguely through the partial gloom. The master and mistress of the house were paying no attention to the visitors. They were not of sufficient importance to be company, or to disturb their entertainers in the usual habits of their evening. Lady Caroline, indeed, seldom allowed herself to be dis-

turbed by any one. She put down her feet for the sake of her own dignity, but she did not feel called upon to make any further sacrifice. And as for Lottie, she was not happy among these three men. She shrank from Rollo, who was eyeing her with an anxiety which she could not understand, and longed for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, or, indeed, any woman to stand by her. Her heart sank, and she shivered again with that chill which is of the nerves and fancy. The dean with his rustling paper, and Lady Caroline with her vacant eyes, were at the other end of the room, and Lottie felt isolated, separated, cast upon the tender mercies of the three connoisseurs, a girl with no woman near to stand by her. It seemed to her for the moment as if she must sink into the floor altogether, or else turn and fly.

It was Mr. Ashford again who came to Lottie's aid. "Play something else first," he said softly to the signor, disregarding the anxious looks of Rollo, who had placed himself on a chair at a little distance, so that he might be able to see the singer and stop any false note that might be coming before it appeared. The others were both kind and clever, kinder than the man whom Lottie thought her lover, and whose anxiety for the moment took all thought from him, and more clever too. The signor began to play Handel, the serious, noble music with which Lottie had grown familiar in the Abbey, and soon Mr. Ashford stepped in and sang in his beautiful, melodious voice. Then the strain changed, preludeing a song which the most angelic of the choristers had sung that morning. The minor canon put the music into Lottie's hands. "Begin here," he whispered. She knew it by ear and by heart, and the paper trembled in her hands; but they made her forget herself, and she began, her voice thrilling and trembling, awe and wonder taking possession of her. She had heard it often, but she had never realized what it was till all human, womanish, shivering with excitement and emotion, she began to sing. It did not seem her own doing at all. The dim drawing-room, with the dean reading the paper, the men in their evening coats, the glimmering reflection of herself which she caught in the long mirror, in her simple decorations, the roses trembling in her hair, all seemed horribly inappropriate, almost profane, to Lottie. And the music shook in her hands, and the notes, instead of remaining steadily before her eyes, where she could read them, took wings to themselves and floated about, now here and there, some-

times gleaming upon her, sometimes eluding her. Yet she sang, she could not tell how, forgetting everything, though she saw and felt everything, in a passion, in an inspiration, penetrated through and through with the music and the poetry and the sacredness, above her and all of them. "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"—oh, how did she dare to sing it, how could those commonplace walls enclose it, those men stand and listen as if it was *her* they were listening to? By-and-by the dean laid down his paper. Rollo, in the background, gazing at her at first in pale anxiety, then with vexed disapproval (for what did he want with Handel?), came nearer and nearer, his face catching some reflection of hers as she went on. And when Lottie ended, in a rapture she could not explain or understand, they all came pressing round her, dim and blurred figures in her confused eyes. But the girl was too greatly strained to bear their approach or hear what they said. She broke away from them, and rushed, scarcely knowing what she did, to Lady Caroline's side. Lady Caroline herself was roused. She made room for the trembling creature, and Lottie threw herself into the corner of the capacious sofa and covered her face with her hands.

But when she came to herself she would not sing any more. A mixture of guilt and exaltation was in her mind. "I ought not to have sung it. I am not good enough to sing it. I never thought what it meant till now," she said, trembling. "Oh, I hope you will forgive me. I never knew what it meant before."

"Forgive you!" said the dean. "We don't know how to thank you, Miss Despard." He was the person who ought to know what it meant if anybody did. And when he had thus spoken he went back to his paper, a trifle displeased by the fuss she made, as if *she* could have any new revelation of the meaning of a thing which, if not absolutely written for St. Michael's, as good as belonged to the choir, which belonged to the dean and chapter. There was a certain presumption involved in Lottie's humility. He went back to his reading-lamp, and finished the article which had been interrupted by her really beautiful rendering of a very fine solo. It was really beautiful; he would not for a moment deny that. But if Miss Despard turned out to be excitable, and gave herself airs, like a prima donna! Heaven be praised, the little chorister boys never had any nerves, but sang whatever was set before them, without thinking what was

meant, the dean said to himself. And it would be difficult to describe Rollo Ridsdale's disappointment. He sat down in a low chair by the side of the sofa, and talked to her in a whisper. "I understand you," he said; "it is like coming down from the heaven of heavens, where you have carried us. But the other spheres are celestial too. Miss Despard, I shall drop down into sheer earth tomorrow. I am going away. I shall lose the happiness of hearing you altogether. Will you not have pity upon me, and lead me a little way into the earthly paradise?" But even these prayers did not move Lottie. She was too much shaken and disturbed out of the unconscious calm of her being for anything more.

CHAPTER XII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

LOTTIE ran out while Rollo Ridsdale was getting his hat to accompany her home. She caught up her shawl over her arm without pausing to put it on, and ran through the dark cloister and across the Dean's Walk to her own door, before he knew she was ready. "The young—lady is gone, sir," Mr. Jeremie said, who was rather indignant at having to open the door to such sort of people. He would have said young woman had he dared. Rollo, much piqued already in that she had refused to sing for him further, and half irritated, half attracted by this escape now, hurried after her; but when he emerged from the gloom of the cloister to the fresh, dewy air of the night, and the breadth of the Dean's Walk, lying half visible in summer darkness in the soft, indistinct radiance of the stars, there was no one visible, far or near. She had already gone in before he came in sight of the door. He looked up and down the silent way, on which not a creature was visible, and listened to the sound of the door closing behind her. The flight and the sound awoke a new sentiment in his mind. Ladies were not apt to avoid Rollo.

Not his the form nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens went to fly.

He was piqued and he was roused. Heretofore, honestly, there had been little but music in his thoughts. The girl was very handsome, which was so much the better—very much the better, for his purpose; but this sparkle of resistance in her roused something else in his mind. Lottie had been like an inspired creature as she sang this evening. He had never seen on the

stage or elsewhere so wonderful an exhibition of absorbed, impassioned feeling. If he could secure her for his prima donna, nowhere would such a prima donna be seen. It was not that she had thrown herself into the music, but that the music had possessed her, and transported her out of herself. This was not a common human creature. She was no longer merely handsome, but beautiful in the fervor of her feeling. And for the first time Lottie as Lottie, not merely as a singer, touched a well-worn but still sensitive chord in his breast. He stood looking at the door which still seemed to echo in the stillness with the jar of closing. What did her flight mean? He was provoked, tantalized, stimulated. Whatever happened, he must see more of this girl. Why should she fly from him? He did not choose to return and tell the story of her flight, which was such an incident as always makes the man who is baulked present a more or less ridiculous aspect to the spectators; but he stood outside and waited till the steps of the minor canon and the signor had become audible turning each towards their habitation, and even the turning of Mr. Ashford's latch-key in his door. Everything was very still in the evening at St. Michael's. The respectable and solemn canons in their great houses, and the old chevaliers in their little lodges, went early to bed. Rollo saw no light anywhere except a dim glow in the window of the little drawing-room where he had spent the morning, and where no doubt the fugitive was seated breathless. His curiosity was raised, and his interest, supplanting that frantic eagerness about her voice which he had expressed so largely. Why did she run away from him? Why did she refuse to sing for him? These questions suddenly sprang into his mind, and demanded, if not reply, yet a great deal of consideration. He could not make up his mind what the cause could be.

As for Lottie, she could not have given any reasonable answer to these questions, though she was the only living creature who could know why she ran away. As a matter of fact, she did not know. The music had been more than she could bear in the state of excitement in which she was. Excited about things she would have been ashamed to confess any special interest in — about her relations with the Deanery, about Lady Caroline, and, above all, about Rollo — the wonderful strain to which she had all unconsciously and unthinkingly, at first, given utterance, had caught at Lottie like a hand from heaven.

She had been drawn upward into the fervor of religious ecstasy, she who was so ignorant; and when she dropped again to earth and was conscious once more of Rollo and of Lady Caroline, there had come upon her a sudden sense of shame, and of her own pettiness and inability to disentangle herself from the links that drew her to earth, which was as passionate as the sudden fervor. How dare she sing *that* one moment, and the next be caught down to vulgar life, to Lady Caroline and Rollo Ridsdale? Lottie would sing no more, and could not speak, so strong was the conflict within her. She could not even encounter the momentary *tête-à-tête* which before she had almost wished for. She was roused and stirred in all her being as she had never been before, able to encounter death or grief, she thought vaguely, or anything that was solemn and grand, but not ordinary talk, not compliments, not the little tender devices of courtship. She flew from the possible touch of sentiment, the half-mock, half-real flatteries that he would be ready to say to her. Love, real, and great, and solemn, the love of which the Italian poet speaks as twin sister of death, was what Lottie's mind was prepared for; but from anything lower she fled, with the instinct of a nature highly strained and unaccustomed to, though capable of, passion. Everything was seething in her mind, her heart beating, the blood coursing through her veins. She felt that she could not bear the inevitable downfall of ordinary talk. She ran out into the soft coolness of the night, the great quiet and calm of the sleeping place, a fugitive driven by this new wind of strange emotion. The shadow of the Abbey was grateful to her, lying dimly half way across the broad, silent road — and the dim lamp in her own window seemed to point out a refuge from her thoughts. She rushed across the empty road, like a ghost, flitting, white and noiseless, and swift as an arrow, from the gate of the cloister, wondering whether the maid would hear her knock at once, or if she would have to wait there at the door till Mr. Ridsdale appeared. But the door was opened at her first touch, to Lottie's great surprise, by Law, who seemed to have been watching for her arrival. He wore a very discontented aspect, but this Lottie did not at first see, in her grateful sense of safety.

"How early you are!" he said. "I did not expect you for an hour yet. It was scarcely worth while going out at all, if you were to come back so soon."

Lottie made no reply. She went upstairs to the little drawing-room where the lamp had been screwed as low as possible to keep a light for her when she should return. The room was still more dim than Lady Caroline's, and looked so small and insignificant in comparison. On the table was a tray with some bread and butter and a cup of milk, which was Lottie's simple supper after her dissipation; for Lady Caroline's cup of tea was scarcely enough for a girl who had eaten a not too luxurious dinner at two o'clock. She had no mind, however, for her supper now; but sat down on the little sofa and covered her eyes with her hand, and went back into her thoughts, half to prolong the excitement into which she had plunged, half to still herself and get rid of this sudden transport. It would be difficult to say which she wished most; to calm herself down or to continue that state of exaltation which proved to her new capabilities in her own being. She thought it was the former desire that moved her, and that to be quiet was all she wanted; but yet that strong tide running in her veins, that hot beating of her heart, that expansion and elevation of everything in her, was full of an incomprehensible agony of sweetness and exquisite sensation. She did not know what it was. She covered her eyes to shut out the immediate scene around her. The little shabby room, the bread and butter, and Law's slouching figure manipulating the lamp—these, at least, were accessories which she had no desire to see.

"Bother the thing!" said Law, "I can't get it to burn. Here, Lottie! you can manage them. Oh! if you like to sit in the dark, I don't mind. Were your fine people disagreeable? I always told you they wanted nothing but that you should sing for them and amuse them. They don't care a rap for you!"

Lottie took no notice of this speech. She withdrew her hand from her face, but still kept her eyes half-closed, unwilling to be roused out of her dream.

"They're all as selfish as old bears!" said Law; "most people are, for that matter. They never think of you; you've got to look after yourself; it's their own pleasure they're thinking of. What can you expect from strangers when a man that pretends to be one's own father——"

"What are you talking about?" said Lottie, slowly waking, with a feeling of disgust and impatience, out of her finer fancies. She could not keep some shade of scorn and annoyance from her face.

"You needn't put on those supercilious looks; you'll suffer as much from it as I shall, or perhaps more, for a man can always do for himself," said Law; "but you—you'll find the difference. Lottie," he continued, forgetting resentment in this common evil, and sinking his voice, "he's down there at the old place again."

"What old place?"

As soon as his complaining voice became familiar, Lottie closed her eyes again, longing to resume her own thoughts.

"Oh! the old place. Why, down there; you know—the place where—— I say!" cried Law, suddenly growing red, and perceiving the betrayal of himself as well as his father which was imminent, "never mind where it is; it's where that sharp one, Polly Featherstone, works."

Lottie was completely awakened now; she looked up, half-bewildered, from the dispersing mists. "Of whom are you talking?" she cried. "Law, what people have you got among—who are they? You frighten me! Who is it you are talking of?"

"There's no harm in them," cried Law, coloring more and more. "What do you mean? Do you think they're—— I don't know what you mean; they're as good as we are," he added sullenly, walking away with his hands in his pocket out of the revelations of the lamp. Dim and low as it was, it disclosed, he was aware, an uncomfortable glow of color on his face.

"I don't know who *they* may be," said Lottie, severe, yet blushing too; "I don't want to know! But, oh, Law! you that are so young, my only brother, why should you know people I couldn't know? Why should you be ashamed of any one you go to see?"

"I was not talking of people I go to see; I wish you wouldn't be so absurd; I'm talking of the governor," said Law, speaking very fast; "he is there, I tell you; a man of his time of life, sitting among a lot of girls, talking away fifteen to the dozen. He might find some other way of meeting her if he must meet her!" cried Law, his own grievance breaking out in spite of him. "What has he got to do there among a pack of girls? it's disgraceful at his age!"

Law was very sore, angry, and disappointed. He had gone to his usual resort in the evening, and had seen his father there before him, and had been obliged to retire discomfited, with a jibe from Emma to intensify his trouble. "The captain's twice the man you are!" the little dress-maker had said; "he ain't afraid of no-

body." Poor Law had gone away after this, and strolled despondently along the river-side. He did not know what to do with himself. Lottie was at the Deanery, he was shut out of his usual refuge, and he had nowhere to go. Though he had no money, he jumped into a boat and rowed himself dismally about the river, dropping down below the bridge to where he could see the lighted windows of the workroom. There he lingered about, nobody seeing or taking any notice of him. When he approached the bank, he could even hear the sound of their voices, the laughter with which they received the captain's witticisms. A little wit went a long way in that complaisant circle. He could make out Captain Despard's shadow against the window, never still for a moment, moving up and down, amusing the girls with songs, jokes, pieces of buffoonery. Law despised these devices; but, oh, how he envied the skill of the actor! He hung about the river in his boat till it got quite dark, almost run into sometimes by other boats, indifferent to everything but this lighted interior which he could see, though nobody in it could see him. And when he was tired of this forlorn amusement he came home, finding the house very empty and desolate. He tried to work, but how was it possible to work under the sting of such a recollection? The only thing he could do was to wait for Lottie, to pour forth his complaint to her, to hope that she might perhaps find some remedy for this intolerable wrong. It did not occur to him that to betray his father was also to betray himself, and that Lottie might feel as little sympathy for him as he did for Captain Despard. This fact flashed upon him now when it was too late.

Lottie had not risen from her seat, but as she sat there, everything round seemed to waver about her, then settle down again in a sudden revelation of mean, and small, and paltry life, such as she had scarcely ever realized before. Not only the lofty heaven into which the music had carried her rolled away like a scroll, but the other world, which was beautiful also of its kind, from which she had fled, which had seemed too poor to remain in, after the preceding ecstasy, departed as with a glimmer of wings; and she found herself awaking in a life where everything was squalid and poor, where she alone, with despairing efforts, tried to prop up the house that it might not fall into dishonored dust. She had borne with a kind of contemptuous equanimity Law's first story about her father. Let him marry again! she had

said; if he could secure the thing he called his happiness in such a way let him do it! The idea had filled her with a high scorn. She had not thought of herself nor of the effect it might have upon her, but had risen superior to it with lofty contempt, and put it from her mind. But this was different. With all her high notions of gentility, and all her longings after a more splendid sphere, this sudden revelation of a sphere meaner, lower still, struck Lottie with a wild, sudden pang. A pack of girls! what kind of girls could those be of whom Law spoke? Her blood rushed to her face, scorching her with shame. She who scorned the chevaliers and their belongings! She who had "kept her distance" from her own class, was it possible that she was to be dragged down lower, lower, to shame itself? Her voice was choked in her throat. She could not speak. She could only cry out to him, clasping her hands. "Don't tell me any more—oh, don't tell me any more——"

"Hillo!" said the lad, "what is the matter with you? Don't tell you any more? You will soon know a great deal more if you don't do something to put a stop to it. There ought to be a law against it. A man's children ought to be able to put a stop to it. I told you before, Lottie, if you don't exert yourself and do something——"

"Oh," she said, rising to her feet, "what can I do? Can I put honor into you, and goodness, and make you what I want you to be? Oh, if I could, Law! I would give you my blood out of my veins if I could. But I can't put me into you," she said, wringing her hands—"and you expect me to listen to stories—about people I ought not to hear of—about women—O Law, Law, how dare you speak so to me?"

"Hold hard!" said Law, "you don't know what you are speaking of. The girls are as good girls as you are"—his own cheeks flushed with indignant shame as he spoke. "You are just like what they say of women. You are always thinking of something bad. What are you, after all, Lottie Despard? A poor, shabby captain's daughter! You make your own gowns, and they make other people's. I don't see such a dreadful difference in that."

Lottie was overpowered by all the different sensations that succeeded each other in her. She felt herself swept by what felt like repeated waves of trouble—shame to hear of these people among whom both her father and brother found

their pleasure, shame to have thought more badly of them than they deserved, shame to have betrayed to Law her knowledge that there were women existing of whom to speak was a shame. She sank down upon the sofa again trembling and agitated, relieved yet not relieved. "Law," she said faintly, "we are low enough ourselves, I know. And if we don't do much credit to our birth, is it not dreadful to be content with that, to go down lower, to make ourselves nothing at all?"

"It is not my fault," said Law, a little moved, "nor yours neither. I am very sorry for you, Lottie; for you've got such a high mind—it will go hardest with you. As for me, I've got no dignity to stand on, and if he drives me to it, I shall simply 'list—that's what I shall do."

"List!" Lottie gazed at him pathetically. She was no longer angry, as she had been when he spoke of this before. "You are out of your senses, Law! You, a gentleman!"

"A gentleman!" he said bitterly, "much good it does me. It might, perhaps, be of some use if we were rich, if we belonged to some great family which nobody could mistake; but the kind of gentlefolks we are!—nobody knowing anything about us, except through what *he* pleases to do and say. I tell you, if the worst comes to the worst, I will go straight off to the first sergeant I see, and take the shilling. In the Guards there's many a better gentleman than I am, and I'm tall enough for the Guards," he said, looking down with a little complacency on his own long limbs. The look struck Lottie with a thrill of terror and pain. There were soldiers enough about St. Michael's to make her keenly and instantly aware how perfectly their life, as it appeared to her, would chime in with Law's habits. They seemed to Lottie to be always lounging about the streets stretching their long limbs, expanding their broad chests in the sight of all the serving maidens, visible in their red coats wherever the idle congregated, wherever there was any commotion going on. She perceived in a moment, as by a flash of lightning, that nothing could be more congenial to Law. What work might lie behind, what difficulties of subordination, tyrannies of hours and places, distasteful occupations—Lottie knew nothing about. She saw in her brother's complacent glance a something of kin to the swagger of the tall fellows in their red jackets, spreading themselves out before admiring nurse-maids. Law would do that too. She could not per-

sueade herself that there was anything in him above the swagger, superior to the admiration of the maids. A keen sense of humiliation, and the sharp impatience of a proud spirit, unable to inspire those most near to it with anything of its own pride and energy, came into her mind. "You do not mind being a gentleman—you do not care," she cried. "Oh, I know you are not like me! But how will you like being under orders, Law, never having your freedom, never able to do what you please, or to go anywhere without leave? That is how soldiers live. They are slaves; they have to obey, always to obey. You could not do anything because you wanted to do it—you could not spend an evening at home—oh," she cried with a sudden stamp of her foot in impatience with herself, "that is not what I mean to say; for what would you care for coming home? But you could not go to that place—that delightful place—that you and papa prefer to home. I know you don't care for home," said Lottie. "Oh, it is a compliment, a great compliment to me!"

And, being overwrought and worn out with agitation, she suddenly broke down and fell a-crying, not so much that she felt the slight and the pang of being neglected, but because all these agitations had been too much for her, and she felt for the moment that she could bear no more.

At the sight of her tears sudden remorse came over Law. He went to her side and stood over her, touching her shoulder with his hand. "Don't cry, Lottie," he said, with compunction. And then, after a moment, "It isn't for you; you're always jolly and kind. I don't mind what I say to you; you might know everything I do if you liked. But home, you know, home's not what a fellow cares for. Oh, yes! I care for it in a way—I care for you; but except you, what is there, Lottie? And I can't always be talking to you, can I? A fellow wants a little more than that. So do you; you want more than me. If I had come into the drawing-room this morning and strummed on the piano, what would you have done? Sent me off, or boxed my ears if I'd have let you. But that fellow Ridsdale comes and you like it. You needn't say no; I am certain you liked it. But brother and sister, you know that's not so amusing! Come, Lottie, you know that as well as I."

"I don't know it! it is not true!" Lottie cried, with a haste and emphasis which she herself felt to be unnecessary. "But what has that to do with the matter? Allow that you do not care for your home,

Law; but is it necessary to go off and separate yourself from your family, to give up your position, everything? I will tell you what we will do. We will go to Mr. Ashford, and he will let us know honestly what he thinks—what you are fit for. All examinations are not so hard; there must be something that you could do."

Law made a wry face, but he did not contradict his sister. "I wish he would cut me out with a pair of scissors and make me fit somewhere," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. Then he added, almost caressingly, "Take your supper, Lottie; you're tired, and you want something; I have had mine. And you have not told me a word about to-night. Why did you come in so early? How are you and Ridsdale getting on? Oh! what's the good of making a fuss about it? Do you think I can't see as plain as porridge what that means?"

"What what means?" cried Lottie, springing from her seat with such passionate energy as half frightened the lad. "How dare you, Law? Do you think I am one of the girls you are used to? How dare you speak to me so?"

"Why should you make such a fuss about it?" cried Law, laughing, yet retreating. "If there is nothing between you and Ridsdale, what does the fellow want loafing about here? Lottie! I say, mind what you are doing. I don't mind taking your advice sometimes, but I won't be bullied by you."

"Go to bed, Law!" said Lottie, with glowing eyes. Her face was crimson and then pale with excitement. After all the agitations of the evening it was hard to be brought down again to the merest vulgarities of gossip like this. She paid no more attention to her brother, but gathered together her shawl, her gloves, the shabby little fan which had been her mother's, and put out the lamp, leaving him to find his way to his room as he could. She was too indignant for words. He thought her no better than the dress-maker-girls he had spoken of, to be addressed with vulgar, stupid raillery such as no doubt they liked. This was the best Lottie had to look for in her own home. She swept out, throwing the train of her long white skirt from her hand with a movement which would have delighted Rollo, and went away to the darkness and stillness of her own little chamber, with scarcely an answer to the "Good-night" which Law flung at her as he shuffled away. She sat down on her

little bed in the dark without lighting her candle; it was her self-imposed duty to watch there till she heard her father's entrance. And there, notwithstanding her stately withdrawal, poor Lottie, overcome, sobbed and cried. She had nobody to turn to, nor anything to console her, except the silence and pitying darkness which hid her girlish weakness even from herself.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE POLITICAL ADVENTURES OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S career has been reviewed at different stages of it by many able critics and biographers variously affected to their subject. Perhaps the time has now come when it may be expedient to take another survey of it. Lord Beaconsfield has reached a point beyond which it is not constitutionally possible that he should pass. He cannot be more than prime minister of England and a peer of the realm. Whatever be the duration of his premiership and his Parliamentary life, his career will simply be continued; it can scarcely have new features. The point will be lengthened into a line, and that is all. The record is not closed, but there cannot be much to add to it of a kind likely to affect its general character or the public judgment. Lord Beaconsfield has been the subject of bitter attack and of unscrupulous praise. His career has been described as demoralizing to the national character, and as lowering the standard and aims of English politics. We should say that it is rather unmoralizing than demoralizing. We are, at any rate, not conscious of depraving influences as the result of a continuous survey of it; its effects seem to be merely privative. Lord Beaconsfield appears somehow or other to be outside the sphere of moral judgment. You do not, as a too indulgent critic said of the dramatists of the Restoration, get into a world in which considerations of right and wrong have no place, but you see introduced into the affairs of the ordinary world a creature to whom apparently these considerations do not apply. Like the sorcerer, in Mr. Gilbert's play, he moves about taking part in all that concerns men's businesses and bosoms, wearing the dress, speaking the language, using the slang, and not exempt from the other vulgarities of ordinary life.

Still you feel that he has come from another world, and that he is to be judged by the law of his domicile, wherever that may be, rather than by the rule according to which Englishmen pass moral sentence upon each other. Robin Goodfellow, or the elfin king, or any other weird or graceful creature of extra-natural superstition seems to have as much connection with our prosaic world as the Earl of Beaconsfield. If some fine day he should cast aside his peer's robes, and the dull vesture of decay which seems to hem him in less closely and more incongruously than it sits upon other men, and if he should appear in a blaze of light as the genius of the gardens of joy, or descend in red fire through a trap-door, the transformation would not appear more strange or theatrical than many incidents of his history. On the whole, we are not disposed to think that Lord Beaconsfield has done as much harm to political morality as might be thought likely. People have declined to think of political morality in connection with him; they have found it impossible to associate the two ideas, and therefore it has escaped injury or deterioration. He has done most mischief by the sort of charm which he has exercised over creatures of a different sphere. He has tempted ungainly mortals of respectable character, successful Parliamentary lawyers and squires moulded out of their own heavy clays, to imitate his wanton and sportive gambols with a result to which no *Æsopian* fable can do justice. He has done Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Chaplin much harm. On the other hand, he has been of some use to the British public. He has helped to prevent them from taking life and politics too ponderously; he has stimulated their sense of wonder, and applied incentives to the somewhat slow and feeble imagination of a rather dull and prosaic community. From the beginning Lord Beaconsfield has at least never failed to pique curiosity. We propose to try and satisfy it by following, in two or three articles, his political life. Before essaying to do so, it may be well to endeavor to get some general idea of the influences of race, of ancestry, and of contemporary circumstances which at least contributed to make the man what he was and is. Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary career began with the first session of the first Parliament of the present reign. In some respects no single life more instructively connects and illustrates the various aspects of the Victorian epoch of our history.

Very early in his career, Lord Beaconsfield—or as he then used to style himself, Disraeli the younger—published a pamphlet with the title, "What Is He?" The "He" in question was of course Mr. Disraeli, who has always been a good deal occupied with himself. The inquiry to which in this instance he volunteered a reply is said to have been made in conversation by the late Earl Grey. The Whig chief had heard with amazement, and probably some feeling of half-articulate indignation, of a young man unknown in the lobbies and saloons, unvouched for either by Mr. Ellice or by Lady Holland, who had ventured to stand against one of Lord Grey's sons as a candidate for High Wycombe, that "very respectable street" which subsequently had the honor of being represented by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who paid historic tribute to it in the phrase which we have just quoted. On a later occasion, when a candidate for another constituency, Mr. Disraeli explained to a plebeian inquirer, as curious as Lord Grey, that High Wycombe was a borough in Buckinghamshire belonging to his father, who, he added with a certain territorial pride which has marked him through his career, owned property in three counties. Since Dogberry modestly vaunted his possession of two gowns and everything handsome about him, a more ingeniously pleasing declaration has not been made. Unhappily the pamphlet in which the younger Disraeli stood and unfolded himself for the edification of Lord Grey has perished. It is unknown to the shelves of the British Museum. It remains dispersed over a multitude of scattered trunks, defying the industry of the most indefatigable collector to bring them together and to reconstruct it. The loss is to be deplored. In this little work Lord Beaconsfield stood forth, avowing in substance: "I am my own interpreter, and I will make it plain."

The pamphlet is probably, like its author, unique in English, or in any other literature. There have been men in abundance who have written apologies and confessions, some of which the world could have very well spared. They have given an account of the things they have done and of the motives by which they were actuated. Lord Beaconsfield took a different course. He began his career by writing a preface to a life of which scarcely the first pages were composed, and of which nobody had at that time shown any disposition to turn the leaves. In one of his essays Dr. James Martineau refers to a German play in which Adam is intro-

duced crossing the stage, going to be created. This is something like the position in which Mr. Disraeli presents himself in this early explanation of himself to the wondering mind of the old Whig peer. The loss of Mr. Disraeli's early treatise upon himself is irreparable, and there is no use in shedding more tears over it. In one sense the pamphlet and the question to which it offers a reply may be considered as prefiguring the attitude of the public to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Beaconsfield's attitude towards himself. For fifty years "the great lubber," as he somewhere styles the nation which has made him prime minister, has been rubbing its eyes and scratching its head and asking, with a perplexed amazement like Lord Grey's, "What is he?" Lord Beaconsfield in his turn has made reply, during half a century, in speeches and essays and novels, which together form a considerable bulk of literature. Still his countrymen ask, "What is he?" So we get no further. He is himself alone. To explain is to refer to more general categories. Lord Beaconsfield can scarcely be classified; no one but himself can be his parallel.

Nevertheless attempts have been made from time to time to gather together the scattered voices and to put some sort of interpretation upon them. They are likely to be continued. An enigma however trivial, a mystery however worthless, piques curiosity; and Lord Beaconsfield's strange character and fortunes, neither trivial nor worthless, will always possess a certain degree of interest for the student of human nature in its more eccentric and whimsical developments. In the dull succession of arch mediocrities who for the greater part make up the list of English prime ministers, his fantastic figure must always draw attention and stimulate speculation. How he came to be what he was and where he is, is likely to be a theme of mildly renewed surprise and conjectural explanation for many generations. A Hebrew proverb which Lord Beaconsfield quotes in one of his novels, speaking of what is to happen in the fulness of time, announces that "we shall yet see an ass mount a ladder." We are reluctant to quote the proverb in this connection; but the ass, it must be remembered, is in the East a very fleet, spirited, and beautiful creature, and is held there in high and just esteem. Lord Beaconsfield, if we recollect rightly, applies the proverb to the wonderful elevation of his own wonderful Alroy, who, from being the prince of the

captivity, became the king of Judah and the deliverer of his people. In a similar sense, and disembarassed of the injurious associations with which centuries of oppression and domestic servitude have surrounded a once noble and still useful quadruped, the image may be applied to Lord Beaconsfield. The Hebrew proverb has received its fulfilment: we have seen the ass mount the ladder. Not only so, he has maintained himself there as if the posture and situation were natural. This personal elevation may, perhaps, be considered as part of a more general phenomenon. It applies not only to Lord Beaconsfield, but to the historic race of which he is one of the most remarkable illustrative ornaments. Some time ago a respectable member of Parliament in arguing some question, we forget what, found it necessary to recall to the recollection of his hearers the historic fact that we do not now live under the Mosaic dispensation. Lord Beaconsfield held office at the time, and gazed at the orator from the treasury bench. The Opposition laughed. Even the docile ministerialists tittered and coughed. The impression seemed to prevail that we do live in some sense under a Mosaic dispensation. In administration, in finance, and in journalism, Jewish influences notoriously shape and guide English politics. This is not a new thing in European history, though in England it is now more pronounced and obvious than it has ever been before. "The phenomenon itself, however, is two thousand years old. In the latest volume of his *"Histoire des Origines du Christianisme,"* M. Renan, speaking of Josephus, says: "*Il avait cette facilité superficielle qui fait que le Juif, transporté dans une civilisation qui lui est étrangère, se met avec une merveilleuse prestesse au courant des idées au milieu desquelles il se trouve jeté, et voit par quel côté il peut les exploiter.*" The same phenomenon is observable now. The politicians and journalists who carry on the largest trade in patriotic phrases and national prejudices, are Jews who, like Josephus, transported into a civilization which is foreign to them have placed themselves with marvellous dexterity in the current of the ideas which float about them, in order to find a means of turning them to account. In one of his early papers, Thackeray describes an incident at a city dinner: "The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the national anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them, personally in mentioning that this emi-

nently religious hymn was performed by Messrs. Shadrach and Meshech, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion." Later in the evening, "the elderly Hebrew gentleman before mentioned began striking up a wild, patriotic ditty about the 'Queen of the Isles' on whose seagirt shores the bright sun smiles and the ocean roars, whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true who scorned all foes." Practically this has been the course of politics during the last two years. The Parliamentary Shadrachs and the journalistic Meshechs have been singing the national anthem and patriotic melodies to an amused and excited audience who have shouted and banged their glasses, and have believed in the spontaneity and disinterestedness and genuine British feeling of Shadrach and Meshech and the other Hebrew gentleman, who pays these pipers.

Everybody who has read Lord Beaconsfield's novels must recollect one of the cleverest things in any of them,—the conversation in "Tancred" about the "Revelations of Chaos," a work which occupied the world of Lord Beaconsfield's characters at the time when the world of flesh and blood was talking about the "Vestiges of Creation." "You know all is development: the principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then, I forget the next, I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came. Let me see—did we come next? Never mind that, we came at last: and the next change, there will be something very superior to us; something with wings. Ah, that's it: we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows." No one, however proud he may be of having been a fish, or however anxious he may be to become a crow, can object to banter of this kind which, like the noises in Prospero's island, "gives delight, and hurts not" even the doctrine which it plays with. Earlier, however, in his course of philosophic speculation, Lord Beaconsfield had professed a different theory, which has more affinity than his later view with what is fundamental in his writings, and especially with his doctrine of race. In "Contarini Fleming" he sets forth the proposition that "the various tribes (of men) that people this globe, in all probability spring from different animals." Civilization, he complains, has deserted the regions and intellects she once most favored. The Persians, the Arabs, the Greeks, are now unlettered slaves in barbarous lands. "The arts are

yielded to the flat-nosed Franks." Lord Beaconsfield has never been able to get over his dislike, or even to refrain from the expression of his deep-seated repugnance for the unfortunate Frankish nose. "And they toil and study and invent theories to account for their own incompetence. Now it is the climate, now the religion, now the government; everything but the mortifying suspicion that their organization may be different; that they may be as distinct a race from their models as they undoubtedly are from the Kalmuck and the negro." We may admit to Lord Beaconsfield that distinctions of race, whether they be aboriginal or derivative, of animal or of circumstantial origin, have at last been formed, and ought to be taken into account. There is no one from a consideration of whose life they can be less safely omitted than from his own. There is little need of reserve on the subject, for Lord Beaconsfield has practised none himself, and his relations to his own people are the most honorable and attractive element in his story.

Lord Beaconsfield is the most remarkable illustration of his own doctrine of the ascendancy of Hebrew genius in modern Europe. The latest philosophy propounds that what is peculiar to himself in each individual is really a smaller part of him than the qualities which he derives from his personal ancestry and the race to which he and they belong. Lord Beaconsfield unites, in a manner which the history of his family explains, the qualities of the Hebrew and of the "super-subtle Venetian." In the sketch of his father's life which is prefixed to one of the editions of the "Curiosities of Literature," he narrates the fortunes of his house. In the fifteenth century, some of his ancestors, driven from Spain by Torquemada and the Inquisition, took refuge in Venice. During two centuries they remained there. Possibly sufficiently careful research might detect some trace of them in the relics of the old Hebrew burial-ground on the Lido. Like Timon "entombed upon the very hem of the sea," these poor Jews have "made their everlasting mansion upon the beached verge of the salt flood." Slabs of stone, half buried into the earth or covered with grass and creeping vegetation, recall in their often still legible Hebrew characters the names and families of the Jews banished in their death from the society in which they were barely tolerated during their lives. The favorable position of Mr. Pelham gave a new opening to Jewish enterprise in England towards

the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1749 Benjamin Disraeli, the grandfather of the present prime minister, who may, perhaps, have had Shylock or Tubal among his ancestors, settled in England. At this time, Lord Beaconsfield records, "There might be found, among other Jewish families flourishing in this country, the Villa Reals, who brought wealth to these shores almost as great as their name, though that is the second in Portugal, and who have twice allied themselves with the English aristocracy: the Medinas, the Laras, who were our kinsmen, and the Mendez de Costas, who, I believe, still exist." Mr. Pelham's good intentions bore fruit, but not very lasting fruit. The Jews' Naturalization Bill, which he succeeded in passing in 1753, was repealed the next year after his death by the Duke of Newcastle, under the influence of a popular and ecclesiastical clamor which must have taught the Venetian emigrant that he had little to expect from liberal opinion in England. Sir John Barnard put the conclusive argument that if the Jews were allowed to hold land in this country, all security would be gone for the maintenance of Christianity as the fashionable religion. But the argument of the streets was yet more decisive. Political recognition would probably have cost the Jews such social toleration as they enjoyed by the connivance of interest rather than that of generosity or friendship. If the policy of Mr. Pelham had been persisted in and extended, the character and career of the present prime minister might have been very different from that which we propose to examine. The Jewish families, his among the rest, were forced to remain foreigners and Israelites. They were not allowed to become Englishmen. The development of a new species, by the process of evolution and transformation, is, according to the most trustworthy authorities in natural history, a very slow one, except in cases of very rare flexibility. There has not yet been time for the conversion of the Jew into the true Briton. This would require Ovid's metamorphosis, and not Darwin's. Certainly a century and a quarter of residence in England on the part of his ancestors and himself has left little trace on the mind and character of Lord Beaconsfield. He is in almost every essential point far more of a Venetian and a Jew than of an Englishman. The two cities to which his imagination stretches backwards most constantly and affectionately are Jerusalem and Venice. They enter into his political visions, in

which Lord Beaconsfield takes things a great deal more seriously than he does his dealings with practical English politics, in which there is always a great deal of make-believe, too obvious to be called deceptive. Thackeray has remarked upon the odd fate which sent Mr. G. P. R. James as consul to the only city in Europe in which it would be impossible for him to encounter the two horsemen, at least with their horses, who figure on the first page of nearly all his romances. It was an odder destiny which derived the champion of the British territorial interest and landed aristocracy from a race debarred from owning property in land, and from a city in which from the nature of the case a territorial aristocracy could not exist. Perhaps the principle of reaction and antagonism made the descendant of a family of Venetian Jews the champion and representative of the large-acred lords and squires of England. More probably it was his possession in the nineteenth century of that faculty which Renan has noted in the Jew of the first century. It is another instance of the wonderful dexterity of the Hebrew in throwing himself into the current of ideas foreign to him, and of humoring the prejudices of the people among whom he may be thrown for his own advantage.

Lord Beaconsfield has described the home of his grandfather at Enfield in a few delicate yet distinct touches. The Venetian settler was a zealous man of business and an accomplished man of the world. He occupied himself impartially in trade and pleasure, dividing his time between activity in making a fortune and the sweet indolence of its enjoyment. He laid out an Italian garden at Enfield, he played whist with Sir Horace Mann, he ate macaroni which was dressed by the Venetian consul—who, we hope, was worthy of the confidence thus reposed in him, and dressed his macaroni as skilfully as the prime minister in "Contarini Fleming" was reported to have made cream cheeses. Lord Beaconsfield, who was a lad of twelve when his grandfather died, draws his character with evident sympathy for it, both in its fine gentleman or macaroni aspect, and on its more strenuous business side. Perhaps there is some consciousness of inherited qualities and aptitudes in his delineation of the Venetian emigrant as a man of "ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb and a brain amid reverses full of resource." In the sketch

of his father there is more tenderness, and even a touch of something like affectionate compassion. Isaac Disraeli lived only in his library and his literary projects, careless of the politics of the day, and utterly unintelligent of them. In these two men it is not perhaps fanciful to trace, in addition to the workings of natural character and tastes, the influences of isolation from the society in which they lived, owing to the prejudices of race, religion, and the undefined social prescription thence derived, which hemmed in them in a sort of moral Ghetto or Juden Strasse. The grandfather sought a refuge in the ordinary commercial enterprises of the Jew and in the amusements of the exile. The father fled from his own world and his own time into the past and to his books. A sense of isolation and detachment was apparently impressed upon the household.

But to complete the understanding of the silent influence of persons and feelings which is likely to have contributed insensibly to shape the character and aims of the lad who was afterwards to be prime minister of England, another figure needs to be sketched in the family group. Lord Beaconsfield has not omitted it from his picture of a Jewish interior, though it must have required some courage to draw its outlines, as he has done, with stern strokes and an unflinching hand. In the two men, father and son, we see the flexible and accommodating nature of the Jew who bows to circumstances, and with a patient shrug lets the world pass in which he is disinherited and proscribed. But the Jewish character has another side than that of accommodation and acquiescence. It has a fierceness of hate and resentment which, when it cannot wreak its passions upon its enemies and persecutors, preys upon and rends itself. Lord Beaconsfield describes his grandmother as hating her race, and as detesting the very name which her marriage had given her, and which was a perpetual witness of her Jewish connections. He adds that she was "so mortified by her social position that she lived until eighty without indulging a tender expression." It is perhaps from this strange figure, in which it is easy to recognize in an introverted form the stern lineaments that have marked the zealots and fanatics of the race, that the author of "Daniel Deronda" has drawn the Jew-hating Jewess who is the mother of her hero. Lord Beaconsfield had never probably at any period of his career much in common with the amiable walking gentle-

man whom the genius of George Eliot has vainly endeavored to convert into a man of thought and action. But Daniel Deronda could not more thoroughly and openly avow the ties of blood, which in spite of an ostensibly Christian profession and training bound him to his people, than Lord Beaconsfield has always done. So far as has depended upon himself, he has been faithful to the purpose of his ancestors, who on their escape from Spain to Venice "assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognized." Lord Beaconsfield has never been untrue in spirit to this virtual vow of a persecuted house, "grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils." Perhaps on the whole, though the error is on the side of courage and manliness, he has been almost too ostentatiously faithful to it. Judaism and the Jews have been thrust by him with an almost unnecessary pertinacity into English politics and literature. The consciousness of his race and of their faith seems never to escape him. Lord Beaconsfield has made that a matter of honorable pride, and even occasionally of something like bravado, which was to his ancestress one of lifelong shame and torment. He has never been able to leave the matter alone, and to consider the question of Jew or Gentile as a thing socially and politically indifferent. Perhaps this would have been impossible in the midst of the prejudices of race and religion by which he has been surrounded, and in face of the coarse insults which those prejudices have occasionally prompted. Lord Beaconsfield's conduct on this point during the whole of his political and literary career is entitled to genuine and cordial respect. Even the extravagances into which he has been betrayed are extravagances of courageous championship and of manly self-assertion. They deserve indulgent and tender treatment. No one can judge of them fairly who does not keep in mind the mortifying and sometimes painful and cruel domestic experiences out of which they have sprung. Of the builders of the temple in Jerusalem it is recorded that "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders every one had his sword girded by his side and so builded." In rebuilding the fortunes of their race in Europe the Jews have labored under precisely similar conditions. Toiling under

the eyes of watchful and relentless enmity, with one of their hands they have wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. In no one has this militant attitude, half defensive, half offensive, but only aggressive for the sake of more effectual self-defence, been more conspicuous and successful than in Lord Beaconsfield. But the success is not personal merely or his alone. He is but the signal type, the prerogative instance of the completeness of the conquest by which the Jewish captivity, like captive Greece, has taken captive its fierce victor. Lord Beaconsfield has been in his way, not less than his Alroy, a prince of the captivity, and to have become prime minister of England, even at the cost of quitting the faith of his fathers, is not a less achievement than, like his hero, to have become caliph.

In literature, Lord Beaconsfield has been essentially a Jewish apologist; Josephus and the false Aristobulus simply anticipated his method, or rather he applied theirs with a difference. They set themselves to prove to an indifferent and laughing Gentile world that the philosophy and morals of the Greek and Roman poets and sages were derived from the Hebrew Scriptures; and perpetrated not a few forgeries to make good their point. Lord Beaconsfield has with more boldness claimed as of Jewish race nearly all the most distinguished men of science and art, of thought and action, whom modern Europe has produced, and in doing so has been genealogically a rather credulous Apella. He has pleaded the cause of his race and original faith with one great advantage. He has done so as an ostensible convert to Christianity. But he is essentially, if we may use a distinction as old as the religion itself, a Hebrew and not a Gentile Christian. His view of the religion is perhaps rather peculiar in our day, whatever it may have been two thousand years ago. He apparently regards it as a kind of second part or continuation of Judaism, bearing the same sort of relation to it of affiliation and of inferiority as that which the second part of "Faust" sustains to the first; or which "Paradise Regained" has to "Paradise Lost." The work is genuine; it is, perhaps, a necessary supplement to its predecessor and recompletion of it, but showing signs of the old age and the declining powers of the race from whose religious genius it has sprung. Of course, Lord Beaconsfield does not say as much as this. He does not even insinuate it. Nevertheless, an

impression such as that we have conveyed is distinctly produced. If we may trust statements commonly made, Lord Beaconsfield owes in the main to accident his opportunity of pleading, in the character of a professor of the second part of the Jewish religion, on behalf of the social and personal claims and the civil rights of those of his race who accept only the first. Through a personal quarrel Isaac Disraeli broke off relations with the synagogue without entering into any relations with the Church. It is said that the Church of England is indebted to the good nature of that heathen money-changer and versemaker, Samuel Rogers, for the presence of Lord Beaconsfield among its faithful sons. Rogers did not kidnap the young Benjamin Disraeli as the young Mortara was kidnapped. He was not consumed by any zeal for souls. Thinking it hard that an empty form should stand in the way of a clever boy's prospects, Rogers it is said, we do not know with what truth, took him off to St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. There it is certain that on 31st of July, 1817, Benjamin Disraeli, "said to be about twelve years of age," as the baptismal register records, was made perhaps as much of a Christian as he ever became. Whatever the instrumentality employed, Benjamin Disraeli became a member of the Church of England in the year 1817, and as such entered upon all the privileges, civil and political, which were still denied not only to Jews and unbelievers but to Papists and Dissenters.

The discipline of a private academy, and, it is said, of a solicitor's office, were substituted in his case for that of the public school and the university. Whatever the loss to him may have been morally and socially, Lord Beaconsfield has never been deficient in those intellectual attainments which it is common to connect with university training—too exclusively, as the names of Mill and Grote have sufficiently shown even to a British House of Commons. It is perhaps to be regretted that what seems a premature mannishness should have thrust young Disraeli into the world of action and of authorship, when he would have been more naturally and profitably under the discipline of pupilage and spurred by the emulation and friendships of college life. A certain self-enclosure and isolation to which he has been prone through life might have been in some degree combated, if Lord Beaconsfield had ever been a boy among boys or a young man among young men. Silence and the concentrated self-absorption,

which save at rare moments have marked him in Parliament and in general society, might have given way if more genial influences in early manhood had followed upon the unhappy experience to which his race and religion subjected his childhood. It would probably be a mistake to read the more remarkable of his earlier novels, "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming," as directly and designedly autobiographic. If the author had been consciously drawing his own portrait in either, the lineaments would almost certainly have been more pleasing. The tone of mockery and burlesque with which the young heroes comment on their own proceedings would have been spared. It is quite obvious that the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" regards those young gentlemen as very often a pair of intolerably conceited and unamiable jackanapes, who would have been the better for a chastening. Unconsciously, however, the ideas over which the author's mind was brooding, ideas springing out of his own position in society and his relations to life, constantly appear. A very young writer who has had very little experience of mankind and the world, describes himself without knowing it because he has nothing else to describe. Vivian Grey's lament: "If I were the son of a millionaire or a noble, I might have all. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortune," is very likely, with the patriotic change of a single word, to have been on the lips of the younger Disraeli. In the preface to "Contarini Fleming," again, the author sets forth one of the aims which he had in writing. He "endeavored," he says, "to conceive a character whose position in life should be at variance and, as it were, in constant conflict with his temperament. . . . The combination that connected in one being Scandinavia and the South, and made the image of a distant and most romantic city continually act upon a nervous temperament surrounded by the snows and forests of the north, though novel, it is believed, in literature, was by no means an impossible or even an improbable one." If we substitute the mist and rain of England for the snows and forests of Scandinavia, and conceive the image of Jerusalem as well as that of Venice constantly present to the mind of the exile, we have a combination not only possible in literature but actual in the author's own experience. "Contarini Fleming" grew out of a pilgrimage to the East and to Jerusalem, which took in Spain

and Venice and all the ancestral lands through which the author's race and house had passed during the long wanderings of their exile. The feeling which animates the passage we have quoted from the preface of "Contarini Fleming," finds constant expression all through the work. There is very likely no conscious personal identification of the author and the hero; but the pervading sentiment is for that all the deeper. "Some exemption," Contarini hopes, "from the sectarian prejudices which embitter life may be surely expected from one who, by a curious combination of circumstances, finds himself without country, without kindred, and without friends. Wherever I moved I looked around me and beheld a race different from myself. There was no sympathy between my frame and the rigid climate whither I had been brought to live." "Their blue eyes, their flaxen hair, and their white visages claimed no kith and kindred with my Venetian countenance." Again Contarini declaims against "the vast quantity of dull, lowering, entangling ties that formed the great domestic mesh, and bound me to a country which I detested, covered me with a climate which killed me, surrounded me with manners with which I could not sympathize." In "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" the two barriers which stood in the way of political ambition are presented separately. In a plutocratic aristocracy a poor plebeian laments his possession of rascal blood, or blood more damaging than that of rascaldom, and his lack of rascal counters. In Scandinavia the hero meets the obstacle of foreign race and uncongenial temperament. The foreign adventurers who have been able to overcome difficulties such as these are the object of Contarini Fleming's most constant and earnest admiration. Alberoni and Ripperda are statesmen for whom something like enthusiasm is expressed. Lord Beaconsfield has been more lucky or more dexterous than either of these political fortune-hunters, between the latter of whom and himself there is a certain resemblance, especially in the theological speculations with which they have amused their leisure.

A character and a mind formed in the domestic and social circumstances out of which the stories of "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" naturally came, and which they expressed with a faithfulness all the greater for being undesigned, needed above all others the discipline of an English home, and would have been

the better for the equal companionship of the public school and the university. By no one of these roots was Lord Beaconsfield fixed in British soil. He may be compared rather to one of those air-plants which draw their nourishment and take their color from the atmosphere which surrounds them, and in which they float, but which lay no hold of the solid earth. "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming" were written at some interval of time, the former appearing in 1826, the latter in 1831. There is, however, a certain natural connection between the two in the unwritten disclosure of their author's purpose and character which they contain. They reveal to us the aims and feelings with which their author entered upon the political career which we propose to review, and of which they are the preface. It is impossible to understand Lord Beaconsfield without them. It may not be possible quite to understand him with them. But neither the books nor the man can be comprehended or judged with due indulgence apart from each other. To the same literary period belong "The Young Duke," "Alroy," and "The Revolutionary Epic." All these works seem to have been produced not because the writer was full of some theme or conception which claimed expression, but because he was a candidate for personal distinction, and was resolved to obtain it by one means or another. "The Revolutionary Epic" is suggested by the reflection that Homer having produced the heroic epic, and Virgil the political epic, Dante the national epic, and Milton the religious epic, for Disraeli the younger there remained the revolutionary epic. In the event of the public failing to recognize, and to be quick about it, the poetic heir of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, the inspired poet pledged himself "without a pang to hurl his lyre to limbo," both of which words begin most fortunately and expressively with "I." He had no desire to sing to a world which was as the deaf adder to the charmer. Repeating a remark which he had formerly put into the mouths of Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming, "I am not," he says, "one of those who find consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity." With Lord Beaconsfield it is all a question of applause. The title-page of "The Revolutionary Epic" sets forth in monumental style that it is "the work of Disraeli the Younger, author of 'The Psychological Romance,'" a species of composition of

which Disraeli the younger seems to have supposed that he was the inventor in "Contarini Fleming." In that work he had set forth a doctrine of political expression which seems afterwards to have commended itself to Mr. Carlyle. Lord Beaconsfield holds, or then held, that the metrical form of poetry is due to the fact that it was at first composed to be sung to the lyre, and that the artifices of diction and the barbaric clash of rhyme are ill adapted to an age in which reading has taken the place of recitation.

"The Wonderful Tale of Alroy," which, however, does not want its artifices of diction, and its occasional clash of rhyme, was composed in its more impassioned portions on this principle. Disraeli the younger was essentially an inventor and projector in literature. The craving for fame prompted one extravagant design after another. Expressed in the plainest terms, and urged with a reiteration which even the author's liveliness does not always rescue from tediousness in his early writings, Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming have no other aim in life than to be notorious and powerful, chiefly by duping or terrifying others. Contarini had a deep conviction that life would be intolerable unless he were the greatest of men. The desire of distinction and of astounding action raged in his infantile soul. Nor does he care to win by fair means. His description of a schoolboy fight and of his demeanor in it is prophetic of the spirit in which the writer's political gladiatorship has been conducted. It is the author of the "Letters of Runnymede" and the assailant of Sir Robert Peel who writes of this schoolboy struggle: "I would not have waited for their silly rules of mock combat, but have destroyed him in his prostration." A similar indifference to the rules of the ring and to fair hitting has frequently been observable in Lord Beaconsfield's political encounters. Fame is essential to Contarini, though not posthumous fame. Whether it is to be won as a brigand or as a warrior, as a prime minister or as a revolutionary leader, as a diplomatist or as a conspirator, is a matter of only secondary moment. That may be as time and chance shall determine. The great thing is to wield authority conspicuously and magnificently, to be feared and to be envied. That this power is to be used for the good of others never for one moment occurs to the heroes of Lord Beaconsfield's early novels. It may be said that he is simply describing the wild notions and dreams with which the brains of

boys swarm, while they are still in the merely predatory and animal stage which precedes the civilized and human one, in the development of individual character as well as of nature and society. We are quite ready to make such allowance as this consideration requires. But Lord Beaconsfield's heroes never pass into a further stage. There is no sign that he recognizes one. It is quite easy to see the explanation of this shortcoming. The bonds of country and of class have from the very nature of the case scarcely existed for Lord Beaconsfield. The non-personal elements which bind most men by a thousand ties to the community of which they are members, and to the lesser communities, local or of organized sentiment and opinion, into which every nation is divided, have been for him as if they were not. The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. In this moral banishment the social and even human element in man is suppressed, or grows up but feebly from its root in what is individual, self-seeking and animal. The one apparent exception in Lord Beaconsfield's case is, when properly viewed, simply an illustration of the general rule. He has been true to the Jewish people who are really his country and church. He has quitted them in semblance, but in so doing he has helped them, to plead for them the more effectually. For the rest a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted, belongs to him conspicuously.

It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. An unfair standard is applied to it when it is judged by the tests by which we try politicians of English blood and training. The Philippe Daims, the Alberonis, the Ripperdas of countries and times different and remote from our own, are the politicians with whom at least during a great part of his public life he may most naturally and fairly

be compared. Among political adventurers, admitting the lawfulness of the calling, he holds an intellectually conspicuous, and even by comparison a morally respectable place. The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the "Letters of Rannymede," and which has inspired many a gibe and scoff from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably as genuine a sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his admiration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favorite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his "Letters to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution," and elsewhere, but he has striven in later years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and Parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barré was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the Parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barré of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of Parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavored to trace of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Bea-

consfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding queen regnant.

ERICA.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE GERMAN OF

FRAU VON INGERSLEBEN.

XLIV.

THE PORTFOLIO.

WERNER naturally prolonged his stay at Altenborn, nay, he remained until Sidonie returned to Dorneck, for both Countess Rodenwald and the baroness thought it better for her to spend the time of her betrothal in her own home. For this reason Fritz again received an extension of his leave of absence, that he might accompany Sidonie on her journey. The latter found it very hard to leave Altenborn—the suffering she had endured there formed a special bond—but the thought of living so near her relatives consoled her, and made the separation easier for all.

Letters had been instantly sent to Count Hardeck, but while Sidonie merely informed her guardian that she would yield to his wishes, Werner entered into full particulars. The count's answer this time came very quickly. He cordially expressed his surprise and pleasure, but could not entirely refrain from censuring Sidonie's conduct.

"God must keep a special watch over you capricious young ladies," he wrote, "that you do not cause yourselves greater misery. There is something mad, you must pardon your old relative this strong expression, in violently opposing a marriage for which there are a thousand sensible reasons, and then throwing yourself unasked into the arms of the same man, when all these sensible motives have disappeared, and the match has become a very imprudent one. And, moreover, you pretend to yield submissively to my will, while on the contrary, you have followed your own obstinate caprices, and the fact that God, in his goodness, has allowed you folly to have such a fortunate result, does not alter the affair in the least. I am heartily glad that I can speedily re-

sign my authority over you to Werner Meerburg; he can see whether he will manage you any better than a gouty old man. But may God bless you, my dear child, and make you as happy as I sincerely hope you will be."

After the departure of the visitors, the baroness's drawing-room became far quieter, yet the latter missed them far more than Erica and Elmar, though even now a shadow sometimes flitted over the latter's horizon of life and love, that he could not instantly drive away, and which made Erica the more anxious because she vainly asked its cause.

The ambassador, it is true, had granted Werner's request with friendly zeal, but hitherto had been unable to give any favorable report of the inquiries set on foot. Katharina, probably by Wehlen's advice, kept perfectly quiet, but remained on a war footing with the occupants of the other wing of the castle, as she neither visited them herself, nor allowed little Carlos to go to the old lady as usual.

Her restlessness, however, rendered it impossible to play the invalid long, and she soon again gave parties or paid visits in the neighborhood. Although this was not agreeable to Elmar, as it made the family quarrel public, he nevertheless rejoiced that Katharina had not yet commenced the threatened law-suit.

Elmar's inquiries resulted in the discovery that the figure the two friends had seen was probably Wehlen. The head groom, who, since the accident, had cherished a special hatred towards him, reported that Wehlen had obtained admission to the castle and the princess's apartments through a little door in the old citadel. Immediately after this discovery, Willich set to work to put in order the old rusty bolt, which, when pushed forward, rendered it impossible to open the door, and had completed his task that very day. Wehlen, when he found it impossible to enter by the way he had hitherto used, had doubtless come in through the main door, and, not suspecting so simple an obstacle as a drawn bolt, gone out in the same manner.

The head groom, at the same time, expressed his serious anxiety about the influence Wehlen had obtained over the princess. She would no longer do the simplest thing without his advice, or rather, permission, for he did not seem to rule her entirely by flattery, but, strangely as it might sound, quite as much by fear. In spite of his frequent visits to the castle, notes constantly passed to and fro be-

tween the princess and her chamberlain. The maid, who had recently read one of these missives, was amazed at the tone Herr von Wehlen ventured to adopt towards her mistress. She had been the more surprised, because she, as well as the other servants, was firmly convinced that Wehlen was trying to obtain the princess's hand, and this was rather a singular mode of courtship.

The latter hint caused Elmar little anxiety. Wehlen was too well acquainted with the affairs of the family to strive for such a doubtful happiness as a marriage with Katharina. Besides, Elmar thought that such a chain would seem unendurable to the restless adventurer, especially as he would have too much to fear from the vengeance of the family to be able to carelessly shake it off again whenever he chose. On the contrary, it seemed more in keeping with Wehlen's character to reap as much personal advantage from the situation as possible, and when Katharina's fortune had been squandered, or at least greatly diminished, instantly continue his wanderings.

The lever of mingled flattery and fear which he used to gain his object, betrayed the craft of the adventurer. With Katharina's blind vanity, the power of the former was readily discovered, but it required a deeper insight into her character to detect that, in spite of all her recklessness and violence, she had a great respect for a will that resolutely opposed her own. Whether it was because, at such moments, she perceived that she could not defend her own caprices by any reasonable arguments, or from a certain instinctive dread that unconsciously slumbered in her heart, and which makes even wild beasts fear the eye of man, the mirror of his intellectual superiority, suffice it to say that Elmar had sometimes had occasion to notice this trait in her character.

A proper use of this discovery would doubtless have been very advantageous to him, in his conduct towards his sister, but it was repugnant to his nature to play such a tyrannical part, and, moreover, the thought that Katharina had lost a large fortune by his father's second marriage and his own birth, involuntarily induced him to treat her with special indulgence. He could, however, easily imagine that Wehlen, who knew no consideration, would soon make himself her absolute master unless some lucky accident enabled her to escape her jailor.

The idea involuntarily occurred to him, as he remembered the last conversation

with his sister, which afforded him undeniable proofs of her increasing unreasonableness. Could Wehlen, from his point of view, be particularly blamed if he made himself master of a will which had forever lost the power of controlling itself, and seemed destined to be a slave? Was not Elmar himself greatly in fault for having left this irrational will without a guide, and thus made it the prey of an adventurer?

The thoughts to which Elmar yielded were very unpleasant, very painful. A perhaps undue sensitiveness made him shrink from a step which might possibly afford him some personal advantage, and he secretly put forward the pretext of his want of legal right to excuse his hesitation. Would not some one of the numerous persons with whom his sister was in constant intercourse have made the same discovery and spoken of it to him if Katharina's want of rationality were really so great as it sometimes appeared to him? With the exception of Aunt Vally, no one had even hinted at such a thing. Relatives and intimate friends had often been offended and spoken angrily about her, it is true, but even the baroness, when he cautiously questioned her, only replied with a shrug of the shoulders, "Katharina was always full of whims."

So he let the matter rest for the present, and waited with still greater anxiety for the news which was to remove the second obstacle. Unfortunately, however, the intelligence was not what he expected, for a letter from the ambassador informed him that all the church records in the capital had been examined, so the marriage must have taken place somewhere else.

Elmar was very much depressed by this news, and determined to instantly go to the city himself to make personal inquiries. He was just going up-stairs to the baroness to discuss the matter, when a letter from the princess was handed to him.

Katharina stated that she had now allowed him sufficient time to procure the marriage certificate, and no longer had any pretext for delaying the performance of her duty. On reflecting upon the circumstances, she hoped that Elmar would voluntarily renounce his pretended rights, in which case she would be disposed to provide for his future in a manner suitable to the change in his position. Otherwise she must of course appeal to the law, and Elmar could then blame himself if she showed no farther consideration for him.

He crushed the letter indignantly in his hand, and hurled it into a corner of the

room. It was not so much the purport that enraged him, for he had expected it, but the style of the whole epistle, which plainly showed that Wehlen, not his sister, was the real writer. To see himself threatened by this man with the loss of his property, his whole social existence, at once angered and humiliated him.

At last he controlled himself, and as this letter destroyed the hope of keeping Erica in ignorance of the cloud that had darkened the horizon of her life, he resolved to inform her of the matter at once, and tell the whole truth, as she would at least hear it from his lips in the most considerate way.

"How would you bear the loss of Altenborn, Erica? How would you reconcile yourself to your fate?" said Elmar, as he finished his tale.

"How would I reconcile myself to my fate, Elmar?" asked Erica, half laughing. "Am I a fairy princess, who has been rocked in a golden cradle, and did you first see me clad in silk and velvet, or in a somewhat faded calico frock? To one who has spent a happy childhood in circumstances so narrow as mine, poverty is no terrible spectre. On the contrary, I can paint the future in charming hues. We will live in the dear old house at Waldbad, — that certainly belongs to you, Katharina cannot rob you of it; grandmamma will come with us, occupy mamma's room, take possession of her armchair, and sit in the sheltered place on the veranda where my mother always went in pleasant weather. Elmar and I will go to walk, or I will row on the sea, and on particularly bright days induce grandmamma to trust herself to my boat; but then Sandor must stay at home, he is an unruly passenger, and might upset it."

"So grandmamma and Sandor are placed on a parallel," said the old lady in a jesting tone. "It will undoubtedly be an enchanting life, Erica, but who will provide our food, or are we to be satisfied with air, sunlight, and walks?"

"Oh, old Christel will cook, and I'll begin to take lessons from the cook here to-morrow morning."

"I think your idyl will be far better performed if we leave Altenborn every summer, and spend a few months in Waldbad with grandmamma and Sandor," replied Elmar. "So let us hope that my journey may accomplish the desired result; and to lose no time, I will apply for my passport this very day."

"Then you must be going to some foreign country, Elmar?"

"Yes, to Stockholm; my parents were married there."

"So your mother was a Swede?"

"No; a German. Unfortunate circumstances compelled my grandparents to emigrate to Sweden, where they lived in comparative poverty, until their oldest daughter became a successful and famous actress, and was able to support them by her exertions."

"Then your mother was an actress?" Erica almost screamed.

"Yes; do you think it so very strange?" asked Elmar, somewhat displeased.

"Very strange. Wonderful, Elmar!" exclaimed Erica, with sparkling eyes; "if your mother's name was Agatha, and your father's Roderick."

"Certainly. But how did you know it?"

Erica sprang from her seat, threw her arms around Elmar's neck, and whispered amid tears of joy, "My idyl will, as you wished, be acted only at Altenborn, Elmar; for I know that your parents were married in Malmö by the pastor Dahlström."

Elmar gazed at her in speechless astonishment, and before he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to reply, Erica continued, —

"You don't believe me, Elmar? I will bring you proofs of my assertion."

She hurried out of the room, and soon returned with an old portfolio, originally very handsome, but now shabby and soiled, which she eagerly opened before Elmar and the old lady, who had approached in the greatest agitation.

"Here are your father's own letters, Elmar; read them, and then let us thank God for the wonderful goodness that placed them in my hands."

A solemn silence fell upon the spacious apartment. The baroness and Elmar reverently read the letters which the dead man had written to his betrothed, his bride, and his wife, while Erica was mute in sympathy with their emotion. When the grandmother and grandson had finished reading the letters, she told them how she had found the portfolio among the rubbish cast on the shore by the storm. She hesitated a moment whether to communicate the unfriendly contents of the envelope containing the letters, as the "*hoch und wohlgebornen* nephew," to whom it was addressed, could be no other than Elmar himself. But she thought she ought to tell the whole truth, and therefore faithfully mentioned that also.

"I am sincerely sorry for my good un-

cle's anger," said Elmar thoughtfully; "the more so as he has gone to the other world; yet I feel innocent of blame, for I had no idea that one of my mother's brothers was still living."

"The fault rests in a certain degree upon me," said the old lady, "and yet I hope I do not deserve any severe punishment. My son did everything for his wife's family that he promised in these letters, but unfortunately all, except the youngest brother, died very young. The latter had determined to become a merchant, and, against Roderick's wishes, remained in Sweden. He too became dangerously ill, and at his wife's urgent entreaties, Roderick accompanied her to Sweden to see the sick, perhaps dying, man once more. Contrary to our expectations, the brother recovered, while his sister soon lay upon her death-bed. After her decease, Roderick gave his brother-in-law the portfolio, which belonged to Agatha, without suspecting the existence of the letters, which were probably in some secret-drawer, or he would undoubtedly have taken them out."

"When he reached Altenborn with the dead body of his wife, he was so overwhelmed by grief that he could not even give me the particulars of her illness. He too soon followed her to the grave, and I confess that I felt deeply wounded and indignant at the want of sympathy on the part of his brother-in-law — who owed his whole fortune to the dead man, and was, though innocently, the cause of all this misery. Perhaps it was a certain timidity which kept him from approaching an aristocratic family, but to me it seemed like the greatest heartlessness and ingratitude."

"Moreover, every recollection of him recalled the memory of my own loss, and it is certainly pardonable if I did not seek to awaken this grief. As he made no effort to see his nephew, I saw no reason to try to keep up the intercourse, especially as I heard he had gradually become a rich man. Elmar, who when his parents died was a mere child, had therefore no suspicion of the existence of this uncle."

"I now hear with surprise, that the latter felt so deeply offended by the want of attention on his nephew's part. He may have attributed it to a pride, which was ashamed to own a merchant as a relative, and here again the trait of character natural to us all asserts itself. We always remember our rights far more distinctly than our duties, and it is easy to see that most conflicts arise from this source."

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXII. II111

"But was the old gentleman really drowned at the time of the shipwreck?" asked Erica.

"Yes, for I read his name among the list of passengers lost on a steamer which was wrecked on its way from Stockholm to St. Petersburg. Why he took these letters with him, or whether he perhaps intended to settle there, will now never be known."

"What a strange dispensation of Providence that the waves should cast the portfolio on the shore of Waldbad, and I should be the person to find it! I felt very much disappointed about this yarn and button correspondence," continued Erica, holding up one of the letters, "and mamma teased me about my baffled hope of having saved the letters of a young prince — and now I have really saved those of *my* prince!"

"And with them your prince's inheritance, Erica; for without these letters how could I have known that my parents were married in Malmö, so I should have sought the certificate in vain. But as your mother belongs to a Rhenish family, I wonder she did not discover the writer."

"I think she had a tolerably correct suspicion, Elmar, but she probably did not think the letters important enough to induce her to renew connections she had completely broken off. Afterwards she became so ill that she doubtless forgot the matter, but I was so much interested in the contents of the portfolio that I took it with me. A short time ago I read the letters, though without the slightest suspicion that I was in the very place to which the last one was addressed. Everything agrees exactly. The terraces which were to be illuminated, the island from which the fireworks were to be reflected in the magical little lake, and you are the little bawler, Elmar, who was to be kissed."

"And who makes the same pretensions now, Erica!" said Elmar, clasping her in his arms with a radiant smile.

XLV.

THE GLASS OF SUGAR AND WATER.

ELMAR instantly informed his sister of the discovery of their father's letters. He desired to have a personal interview with her, but the servant in the anteroom refused to admit him, saying that her Highness positively declined to receive any visits, so he was compelled to content himself with a letter, and carried his caution so far as to omit mentioning the place where the marriage certificate was to be found, but requested a short delay, to

enable him to procure the missing document.

As Elmar was convinced that Wehlen had some of his own servants in his pay — for in what other way was his entrance through the main door of the castle to be explained? — he even took the precaution not to place his letter to the magistrate of Malmö in the mail-bag at the castle, but delivered it to the postman himself, and received a speedy and most satisfactory reply, for it contained an attested copy of the certificate.

Katharina had not answered his letter, but he knew that she had hitherto delayed the steps she had threatened. The favorable turn in Elmar's affairs seemed to have made her ill, for she saw no one, and remained quietly in her own apartments.

As Elmar would not again expose himself to the chance of being refused admission by the servant, he made no attempt to see his sister, but once more communicated with her by letter. After informing her that he was in possession of the document she required, he said that he was ready to show her all brotherly affection, but should expect the same treatment from her. If, therefore, she wished to remain at Castle Altenborn, she must change her conduct, and cease all intercourse with the adventurer, who, though he had left the castle, still remained in the neighborhood.

This adventurer was with his mistress, when the letter was handed to Katharina by her confidential servant. Wehlen, without any apology, took it from her, and read it attentively from beginning to end. A heavy frown darkened his brow, and he said in a tone of angry reproach, —

"So all my trouble has been in vain. You might have known it, must have known it, your Highness. It is most unwarrantable to have sent me on such a wild-goose chase."

Katharina's roving eyes rested upon him with a half indignant, half timid expression, as she replied, "It was your own proposal, I objected."

"Ah! the old convenient excuse, with which superiors are so fond of throwing the blame on the shoulders of their subordinates. But if the affair turns out successfully, it never originates with the latter, then all the credit belongs to their employers. But if humble-pie must be eaten with arrogant masters, I can assure you it is far more difficult with haughty mistresses," he added with his disagreeable laugh.

A pleased smile involuntarily hovered around Katharina's lips, and she said

apologetically, "It may be that it was my own wish, you probably know, for I have forgotten it. But" — and her voice rose to a loud, almost shrill tone — "what I have not forgotten, will not forget, is my hatred for that beggar wench, whom, in my generosity, I took out of the streets, and who has rewarded all my benefits by shamefully robbing me of my rights."

"Very good, excellent, your Highness! But what is the use of this hatred, what will it accomplish?" Katharina, who had been reclining in her chair, sprang to her feet, and approached Wehlen. "I want you to drive the girl out of the house," she passionately exclaimed; "I order you to think of something that will ruin her in Elmar's opinion."

Wehlen contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and made no reply.

"Do you refuse?" cried Katharina. "Am I surrounded by traitors, will you too desert me? Did you not voluntarily offer your assistance, and have I ever declined to comply with your demands, unwarrantably large as they have been? Do you suppose I am no longer rich enough to be able to pay you for your services. What do you ask? Speak! I will give any sum, only rid me of this girl!"

While the princess poured forth these words with passionate gesticulations, Wehlen stood before her with folded arms, and eyes fixed quietly upon the floor. He seemed to be reflecting, and when she paused, said coldly, in a tone that formed a striking contrast to her agitation, —

"I believe, princess, you have often had occasion to observe that this violent style of conversation is not to my taste, and does not make the slightest impression upon me. You will not induce me to gratify your wish in this way."

"But my request is so reasonable, so natural. I only want you to make Elmar detest Erica."

"That is, you only want me to get you the man in the moon," cried Wehlen, laughing. "Shall we accuse her of stealing, or charge her with a secret affection for the head groom?"

"Both, both!" exclaimed Katharina; "he can no longer love her, if —"

"If he believes it, of course; but of course he won't believe it." Wehlen paused, fixed his eyes on the floor, and then asked slowly, —

"Would the young girl's removal really be such an advantage to you, your Highness? Would not another marriage soon threaten you?"

"Only get rid of Erica, and all, all will be

well. I know Elmar, he will never love again."

"I certainly put very little faith in your knowledge," replied Wehlen with a scornful laugh. "But no matter. I am your servant, and if you give me sufficient means, will endeavor to gratify your wish."

"Ask what you please. Take everything, only prevent this marriage!"

"Very well. We have just heard of a farce performed to bring two people together, we will now play one for the opposite purpose. As here are fortunately no laws against imitating a drama, I think of borrowing a little from 'Romeo and Juliet' and also 'The Natural Daughter.'"

Katharina threw herself back into her chair, and murmured sulkily, "I don't understand you, and am not inclined to joke."

"Yet your Highness must listen to this joke, if you wish to gain your end."

"Then speak!" replied Katharina peevishly, leaning back into the chair again.

"The Princess Bagadoff must herself undertake the introduction to the intended farce. Drawing the mask of cordial affection closely over her face, her Highness will instantly hasten to the hostile camp, kiss her grandmother's hand, warmly congratulate her brother, and lovingly embrace his betrothed bride."

"I? Have you lost your senses, Wehlen?" cried Katharina furiously. "I will never embrace her!"

"Just as you choose. Then think of another plan."

"I cannot, that is your business."

"Then you must do what I ask, and my farce will not succeed without the embrace. Some other time I will give you the programme of sisterly affection more in detail, for the present it is only necessary that the war should be ended and eternal peace proclaimed. You will then have an opportunity to meet Erica freely, and can mix in her food or drink a powder, which —"

"Poison? No; the cook can do that, I will not."

Wehlen stared at the speaker, her features betrayed no unusual excitement, and her eyes as usual wandered restlessly around the room. He waited till they rested on him, then made a formal bow, and said coldly, —

"If your Highness wishes to take such radical means of unfastening the gordian knot, I am sorry that I am unable to assist you."

She looked at him in surprise. "Did not you speak of it yourself? You said I was to mix poison in her drink."

"I spoke of a powder, which if taken in too large doses may produce death, but when given in smaller quantities, only causes a deathlike slumber."

"Well, what then?"

"This apparent death will bring the living Erica into the ancestral vault of Altenborn, where I, like a second Romeo, will release her from her coffin, and, more fortunate than he, restore the girl to life. Of course this life must henceforth be passed in some very remote quarter of the globe, but as steamboats and railroads can do wonders, a return might be apprehended, even from there, if we did not, on restoring her freedom, give her a husband. With a sufficient dowry, this will be an easy matter, and —"

"It will be very difficult," interrupted Katharina, "for I remember Heseler wrote a short time ago that he could send me no more money, and my strong box is empty. How much will you need?"

"If I include the expenses of the journey, and all the rest, perhaps thirty or forty thousand thalers, a bagatelle to the wealthy, aristocratic Princess Bagadoff."

"Write to Heseler yourself, he is obstinate."

"My letter would probably have less effect than one from your Highness. However, any jeweller would give twice the sum for your jewelry, so we can pawn it until Heseler becomes more reasonable."

"If only the court were not to be at Coblenz just now! They say the king and queen are coming to Stolzenfels early this year."

"There go the happy pair!" cried Wehlen, suddenly approaching the window. Katharina also started up and looked out. Elmar and Erica were walking up and down the terrace arm in arm, apparently engaged in eager, animated conversation, while Sandor sneaked after them, as if depressed by the utter neglect to which he was condemned.

"How I hate her, how bitterly I hate her!" muttered Katharina between her clenched teeth. "I'll give you all my jewels this very day!" she suddenly exclaimed; "pawn them, and then get the creature out of my sight."

She rang the bell violently and ordered the maid to bring her jewel-case at once. The secret drawer opened at the pressure of a spring, and the glittering gems which composed various ornaments flashed before Wehlen's greedy eyes.

"Take all these pearls and diamonds!" she eagerly exclaimed; "the necklace-alone is said to be worth almost the sum you

need. Now make haste, that I may not witness this sight a second time."

"I will most faithfully execute your commission, your Highness, and in order to lose no time, I'll give you the powder now."

"The powder?" said Katharina, shrinking back. "How can you give me the powder now?" she added suspiciously, "when we have just planned the affair."

"I have already told you it was only a strong narcotic," replied Wehlen quietly. "I use it in very small doses to shorten my own wakeful nights, so I always carry it about with me."

He drew a paper out of his pocket, and handing it to Katharina, said slowly, "Half of this quantity will produce the desired effect of apparent death; a larger dose would really kill any one, and I must therefore urgently entreat you to be cautious."

Katharina tapped the floor impatiently with her foot. "Why do you give me more than I need?" she murmured; "divide it."

"Why, your Highness," said Wehlen carelessly, "because some might happen to get spilled; and besides, it is better to be prepared for all emergencies."

"Very well, give it to me. I will be careful."

"And I will bring you the money as soon as possible," said Wehlen, taking the casket.

"No, leave it! I remember—I can't do without the diamonds. Prince Lowenberg's ball takes place day after to-morrow, and I have accepted the invitation. We must think of something else, for I must keep the diamonds."

Wehlen bit his lips and muttered a half-suppressed oath, then made a low bow and said, in a measured tone,—

"Then I will take my leave for to-day, your Highness, and hope, on returning to-morrow, to hear that you have made a far better plan than mine."

"Nonsense! You know I don't trouble myself about such matters, I have other things to think of. I won't allow you to go until we have settled upon something."

"In that case, it can only be what I have already proposed; and this time beauty must replace the sparkling stones, or your Highness remain at home."

"What an absurd idea! It would instantly cause all sorts of gossiping stories. I know a plan. You said yourself that my jewels were worth twice the sum. I will keep a set of pearls, and give you the rest."

"That will scarcely do, for value and the market price are very different things, and I doubt now whether all the gems will bring the necessary sum."

"I won't give up the pearls!" persisted the princess obstinately; "I don't see why my wishes are not to have some weight."

Her companion made no reply, but turned towards the window as if his attention was wholly absorbed by the beautiful landscape. He was reflecting that he could not conquer this obstinacy at present, and considering whether to avail himself of the smaller advantage which presented itself, or wait for a more favorable opportunity. At last he formed his resolution, and, turning to Katharina, said craftily,—

"The reproach you have just uttered, your Highness, wounds me the more deeply because I believe it to be so entirely undeserved. It has always been my endeavor to be guided entirely by your will, and I have put forth all my powers to enable you to gratify it. Firmly as I am convinced that we shall not be able to obtain our object without the set of pearls, I will therefore make every effort to accomplish your wishes. Early to-morrow morning I will go to your jeweller with the diamonds, to see what can be done, and therefore beg you to give me a written order to enable me to pawn the stones."

"I knew it!" cried Katharina, laughing. "Women only need to understand how to manage you men; when you find energetic opposition, you always yield. But your idea about the jeweller seems very unpractical; people always manage such things with very different persons, usurers and similar wretches."

"I am surprised at your Highness's knowledge of business," replied Wehlen, making another low bow to conceal the smile that hovered around his lips; "I will of course follow your excellent advice, little as I know about those people. Give me the order, and I will do my best to obtain the money. But until then I must beg you not to use the powder, but employ the time in concluding terms of peace with your relations."

"That is my affair; I know what I have to do," said Katharina loftily. "Here is the order, and now be as quick as possible."

Wehlen took the note and the casket, and after again urging the necessity of caution, left the room. Katharina looked after him with a contemptuous glance.

"He was obliged to go without the pearls," she murmured in a tone of great

satisfaction; "he is furious because he could not get his own way, but my will was stronger, I conquered." She had uttered the last sentence aloud, and now rose and continued her muttered soliloquy. "And I have the powder too, and can use it whenever I choose. If the innocent heather-blossom has to remain a little longer in the crypt than is agreeable to her, she can take it as a just punishment for her shameful treatment of me."

Katharina's eyes began to glow with the strange light that sometimes startled Elmar, as she continued, in broken sentences, "Ah! I can so well imagine her terror, when she wakes among the coffins; when she gradually regains her senses, and realizes that she is buried alive! Ah, how she will shudder, how she will shriek in frantic terror, and there will be no one to hear, no one to help her! And then, at midnight, all the coffin-lids will open, the dead will rise, and the crumbling, mouldering bones will join together and crowd around. 'What do you want among the dead? How dare you enter our sacred ranks? You shall atone for your crime. Atone! atone!' Those are the words they will shriek, and the bones will rattle, and the hollow sockets of the eyes stare furiously at the intruder, and the skeleton hands shake threateningly, and the terrible army move nearer and nearer."

"What! To me?" Katharina suddenly shrieks in mortal terror. "To me? Is this the tomb of my ancestors? Am I buried alive? Will the dead threaten me? They come nearer, nearer. Help! Help! They surround me, help! They clutch at me; their skeleton hands are thrust towards me with threatening gestures. They will drag me away with them. Help! Save me from the dead. Help! Help!"

The piercing shrieks at last brought the footman into the room, and it was evidently not the first time that he had found his mistress in such a condition of apparently causeless excitement, for he showed no special surprise, but rang the bell to summon the maid, and turning to the princess said soothingly, —

"There are neither dead nor living people here to harm you, your Highness, and I would advise you to take a soothing-powder."

"Powder!" cried Katharina suddenly, with an entire change of manner. "How dare you propose that I should take a powder? Even my patience will not tolerate such liberties, Markort."

"Then your Highness can take some drops," replied the man with great calm-

ness, and as the maid now entered, he left his mistress to her care, and withdrew to the ante-room.

"Well, I should like to know what is brewing again," he said to himself, as he sat down in his comfortable chair. "That Herr Wehlen must have excited her terribly, and I noticed when he went out that he carried something heavy under his cloak, though, contrary to all etiquette, he wore the cloak into the princess's room, probably with the intention of concealing the object, whatever it was, from me. If her Highness could have seen his expression as he came out, she would probably have felt a little afraid of him. Besides, he whispered mysteriously that I must keep an eye on my mistress and warn her to be extremely cautious; she must take no steps until he returned; I was to repeat that to her every day. But as he knows just as well as I, that that would be the very way to make her take the step more quickly, I think he probably wants her to take the chestnuts out of the fire, and keep out of mischief himself. I really wish I had not discovered the bolt on the little door, or it had been nailed up; then he would have been forced to stay in the trap and eat the stew he has made with the rest of us. As it is, he will probably be in some safe place long before the storm breaks here. I'm only curious to see what is really going to happen, but I suppose I shall learn soon enough."

With this philosophical consolation, Markort soothed himself, and his thoughts soon turned to other subjects, while the maid exerted all her skill to calm her excited mistress, and at last succeeded in doing so; but as Katharina was afraid to be alone, and old Fräulein Arensfeld was ill, she was obliged, to her great annoyance, to spend the whole evening with the princess.

The following morning Katharina's agitation seemed to have entirely disappeared; she was in unusually gay spirits, and declared her intention of paying her grandmother a visit. The maid, in silent astonishment, wrapped a cloak around her, and the princess left the room. When she entered the baroness's apartment, Elmar and Erica, who had been seated side by side, talking together, started up in surprise, and Elmar hastily came forward to meet his sister.

"Well, Elmar," said Katharina, laughing, "you look as if it were a very wonderful thing for me to come here; yet it is very natural I should wish to offer my congratulations and embrace my — my new

sister-in-law. Who would have supposed, when you were joking about the ugly little girl in Waldbad, that she would so soon be your betrothed bride? What do you say, Erica? Your hopes hardly dared to soar so high in those days?"

"No; my thoughts were very far from an engagement," replied Erica, with great self-control.

"What did you say to this astonishing event, grandmamma?" said Katharina, turning to the old lady.

"I heartily rejoiced over what I had long anticipated, for as Elmar made me the confidante of his love immediately after his return from Waldbad, the news could not possibly surprise me."

Katharina tried to fix her restless eyes on Elmar. "So you systematically deceived me, my good brother!" she vehemently exclaimed; "this is the more unwarrantable —"

"I thought you had come to offer your congratulations, Katharina," interrupted her grandmother gravely.

"So I have, I just said so! Besides, I have come to flatter my new sister-in-law, that she may look upon me with favor and permit me to remain in her castle."

"You wound me deeply," said Erica with an expression of great pain.

"If that is your intention, you must adopt a different tone, Katharina," Elmar replied. "Uttered in this way, your words sound like an insult, which I suppose was scarcely your object."

"I said what I meant," replied Katharina impatiently; "why do people always make difficulties and misunderstand me? You are master of Altenborn now, Elmar, and therefore I must of course humbly bend my head, that I may not lose your favor. Why are the water-pitcher and sugar-bowl here?" she asked, suddenly changing the subject, and eyeing the objects mentioned with great interest.

"Erica has a headache, and wanted some sugar and water," answered the baroness.

"Ah! sugar and water?" said Katharina quickly. "Yes, a glass of sugar and water is excellent for headache — it gives one such a sound, deep sleep, though dreams are sure to come — I had some frightful ones yesterday," she added with a shudder.

The little party gazed anxiously at the speaker, but she again changed the subject, and turning to the baroness, said hastily, —

"Grandmamma, will you show me the pattern you told me about some time ago? I should like to embroider a rug for Elmar."

"I don't exactly know where it is, child, I will look for it presently."

"Ah! pray find it now, grandmamma. I want to see whether it will suit my purpose."

"Your wishes are somewhat troublesome, my dear Katharina," replied the old lady, half angrily, "however, as I have not seen you for so long a time, I will try to gratify you."

When the baroness had left the room, Katharina hastily approached Elmar, who was standing by the window. "Do you know, Elmar," she whispered hurriedly, "Wehlen says you never received the marriage certificate, it was only a blind, and I ought not to allow myself to be frightened by it."

Elmar shrugged his shoulders. "It is in my writing-desk; if you will come down with me, you can see it."

"Yes, let us go," said Katharina eagerly. She moved quickly towards the door, then paused, turned, and said: "My tooth has ached all night along. I dare not expose myself to the cold air in the corridor again. I should have liked to see the paper, but as you have never gratified any wish of mine, of course I shall not venture to ask you to bring it here."

"I will say, like grandmamma, that your wishes are somewhat troublesome, Katharina. However, as you want to make peace, though in a somewhat singular manner, I will grant your request."

A strange feeling of terror seized upon Erica when she thus saw herself about to be left alone with Katharina. She longed to ask Elmar not to go, but felt ashamed of her cowardice, as he would not be absent more than a few minutes. Besides, Katharina now seemed less excited, and Erica could scarcely help laughing at the triumphant air the princess assumed on finding her wishes gratified.

"Why haven't you taken your sugar and water, Erica?" she asked, approaching her. "I will make it for you myself. I know exactly how to do it, for I always mixed Bagadoff's, who often suffered from headaches."

Erica involuntarily shuddered. The allusion to the prince reminded her of the locket he had once worn around his neck, and which she had in a certain sense inherited from him. Meantime, Katharina, turning her back on the young girl, busied herself with the pitcher and glasses. The latter could not help smiling at the importance Katharina placed upon so simple a matter, as well as the slow, methodical manner in which she performed her task.

At last the mixture was ready, and turning towards Erica with the glass, she handed it to her. The latter was in the act of taking it, when Katharina drew back so suddenly that the glass almost fell, and though Erica caught it in time to save it, a part of the contents was spilled over her dress.

"That will do no harm," said Katharina with a loud laugh, "it was meant to be shaken."

Erica, startled by the strange words and wild laugh, looked anxiously at the princess, and noticed the singular light that sometimes sparkled in her eyes.

"You are ill, princess," she cried, starting up, "let us go to grandmamma."

Katharina pressed her violently back into the chair. "Stay here, and drink your sugar and water!" she almost screamed, "I am going to grandmamma alone," and she fairly ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Erica was bewildered by the scene, and as Elmar now entered, hurried towards him, and threw herself into his arms in such agitation that he anxiously asked the cause.

"I am afraid Katharina is losing her reason," she whispered, trembling; "I saw the demon of madness lurking in her eyes. Don't leave me alone with her again, Elmar. I am afraid of her."

"Has she insulted you?" asked Elmar hastily.

"On the contrary, she was very kind, but acted like an insane person."

"Unfortunately I am aware that she has long been entitled to that name; let us consult together about the best means of dealing with this misfortune. But first of all calm yourself, and drink the glass of sugar and water, that stands here on the table."

Erica turned, but before she reached it, the door of the room was thrown open and little Carlos rushed up to her.

"I can come and see you again, Erica!" he exclaimed joyously. "Markort told me so when I got back from my ride just now. Mamma said I might go to grandmamma's rooms as much as I liked. Now I shall come every day, Erica, and you'll visit us again."

"Certainly, Carlos," replied Erica kindly; "and what sort of a ride did you have to-day, was the pony good?"

"He used to be rather obstinate," replied the boy importantly, "but he's learning to know me now."

"And how often have you been thrown, Carlos?" asked Erica mischievously.

"Only once, and that was because the head groom pulled the bridle too hard."

"You are a real hero, Carlos. Come, shall I offer you this orange to refresh you after your ride, or don't you like it?"

"Peel it for me, Erica, and put on plenty of sugar."

"And out of gratitude you drink Erica's sugar and water," said Elmar half angrily, for he had no very great affection for the boy.

"Erica won't scold," he answered, pouting. "Look! I haven't left you a single drop," he added, laughing, as he turned to the young girl.

"You little robber! Then Uncle Elmar must make me a new glass while I peel your orange."

Elmar finished his task more quickly than Katharina, and Erica eagerly emptied the glass. Carlos seemed to find equal pleasure in consuming his orange, but soon grew more quiet, and at last said he felt tired.

"You lazy boy!" exclaimed Elmar reprovingly, "you ought to be ashamed to be tired after that short ride."

Erica, on the contrary, who saw real weariness in the boy's face and movements, interceded for him, took him in her arms, carried him to the sofa, and covered him with her shawl.

"Kiss me, Erica, then I will go to sleep," murmured the little fellow, and when Erica had obeyed his wish, his lids drooped heavily, and she moved gently away from his couch.

She had just returned to Elmar's side, when the baroness and Katharina at last came out of the adjoining room. The latter's eyes instantly rested upon the empty glasses, and a look of triumph flitted over her face.

"How did you like my sugar and water, Erica?" she asked sneeringly.

Erica, with well-meant hypocrisy, was about to answer "Very much," but Elmar replied, "You must ask Carlos that question, Katharina, he drank the whole glass."

Katharina's eyes opened so wide that it seemed as if they would start from their socket, and her lips also parted as if she wished to speak, but had no power to form the words. Her whole figure looked as if she were stricken with a sudden paralysis, and Elmar went up to her and asked anxiously,—

"Are you ill, Katharina?"

"Carlos!" she gasped at last, with a violent effort, "Carlos, where—where is he?"

"Asleep on the sofa there, you need have no anxiety about him," replied Elmar soothingly.

Katharina rushed towards the little sleeper, convulsively tore away the shawl that was spread over him, and gazed fixedly at the child. He seemed to be sound asleep, for the movement did not rouse him.

"Carlos!" shrieked Katharina, "Carlos! Wake! Hear me!"

Elmar hastened towards his sister to prevent her from frightening the child, but she thrust him violently away, and bending over the boy, screamed in the same piercing tones,—

"Carlos! You must not, you shall not sleep! My sweet darling, my angel boy, my Carlos! What will you do in that horrible vault? The dead shall not dare approach you. They must not stretch their skeleton hands towards my boy."

The rest of the party gazed in terror at Katharina's frantic gestures. There could no longer be a doubt in regard to her condition, and the baroness whispered,—

"She alarmed me so much while we were alone in my room, that I secretly sent to Altenborn for a doctor, and I think he must arrive immediately. Try to get her away from the poor little boy, Elmar, she may do him some serious injury."

Elmar instantly went up to his sister, who was hanging over the child, now uttering piercing shrieks, and then low moans. She did not thrust him away again, and he saw with the greatest surprise that the child did not stir, but in spite of all his mother's outcries, continued to sleep soundly and quietly.

"Go back, I will attend to Carlos myself," said Elmar, but Katharina pressed jealously forward. "No!" she screamed, "I alone will watch my darling in his sleep. No one shall touch him. Neither the dead nor the living, only I!" She drew herself up as if to defy all contradiction, then, with a shrill shriek, suddenly sank senseless on the floor.

The baroness and Erica rushed towards the fainting woman, while Elmar pulled violently at the bell. With the aid of the servants, the princess was carried into the baroness's sleeping-room and laid on the bed. During all this noise the child continued to lie perfectly motionless; it was warm, and its limbs were pliant, but it could not be roused, so they let it remain asleep and once more covered it with the shawl.

The expected physician soon arrived,

and on being informed of what had happened, shrugged his shoulders, saying,—

"Madness constantly creeps nearer and nearer. It has sometimes been terrible to me to see the progress it was making. In the case of a different, more yielding character, I might have interfered, perhaps saved her, but a person of the princess's peculiarities could not be helped. But what is the matter with the child? Let me attend to the boy first."

When he reached the little sleeper's couch, he involuntarily drew back and cast a startled glance at Elmar, who was standing beside him. "The child is not asleep," he said gently, "he is dead."

"Dead?" repeated Elmar in horror. "Dead? How is that possible? A few hours ago he was bright and well."

The doctor felt the boy's pulse and heart, then shrugged his shoulders and repeated his statement. He again requested an exact account of the events that had just occurred, and asked to see the glass from which the boy had drunk.

"It is one of these two," said Erica, pointing to the goblets with a trembling hand.

The physician carefully examined both, and then carried one to the window. "I think I can detect the presence of pulverized opium in the grounds of this one. We will instantly subject them to chemical tests, to make sure of the fact. The boy has drunk the poison the mad mother intended for this young lady, and the dose was probably so strong for the child, that death resulted almost instantly."

Deep silence fell upon the room, every one seemed paralyzed by the words; then Elmar with a passionate gesture threw his arms around Erica and strained her to his heart.

"Let us offer fervent thanks to God for your merciful preservation!" he exclaimed in the most violent agitation; "I can scarcely endure the terrible thought that I was so near losing you. We will bear our heavy misfortune with resignation, and although I now reproach myself for not having interposed sooner, and thus perhaps prevented this terrible catastrophe, I am absolved by the testimony of the physician, who confessed his own inability to help Katharina."

"Certainly, Baron von Altenborn," replied the latter. "The princess, in my opinion, was only to be guided, or rather controlled, by actual force, and so long as her insanity could not be proved, no one had a right to use violence. There can be no question of neglected duty in this case."

But now let us go to the unfortunate woman, and see how far it is possible to help her."

XLVI.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

THE period which followed the horrible events related in the last chapter, was a very sorrowful one to all the inmates of the castle. The princess was attacked by fever, and the physician declared her life to be in danger. The wildest ravings flowed in a constant stream from her lips, and it was impossible to decide whether they were inspired by delirium or madness; but the magic circle in which these ideas seemed bound at last, spite of the confusion in which they were inextricably mingled in her mind, gradually afforded the watchers a clue to the truth.

Her wild fancies invariably led her to the crypt, where she awoke only to see herself surrounded and threatened by the mouldering forms of the ancestors who had been buried before her. In less feverish moments a deliverer came in the shape of Wehlen, who opened the vault and restored her to life, but carried her across the sea to some distant region.

At other times the invalid's fancy was entirely occupied by her diamonds; she revelled in the sight of the glittering gems, and would not give them up, but the next instant laughed triumphantly because she had saved the pearls, and promised to be very careful of the powder. She gave Wehlen authority to pawn her ornaments to provide for the expenses of the long journey, and advised him not to go to her jeweller, but a pawn-broker.

The constant return of these fancies at last revealed the true state of affairs. The princess's servants, who were closely questioned, confirmed the suspicion by their statements, and all uttered a sigh of relief, when it thus appeared that Katharina had not intended to commit a murder, but only obtain the removal of Erica, by casting her into a sleep which should bear the semblance of death. As the sediment left in the glass really proved to be opium, and this could never have produced apparent death, it was evident that Wehlen had deceived the princess and sought in this way to wreak his revenge upon Erica and Elmar.

The doctor now remembered that he had himself procured the opium for Wehlen, as the latter pretended that he could not control his nerves without it. In this way he had managed, without attracting

attention, to procure a sufficient quantity of the poison to gain his object.

Inquiries were instantly made at the inn where he formerly lodged, but he had left it on the very day he received the casket of jewels from Katharina. He had spoken of an immediate return, it is true, but as he had taken his by no means inconsiderable luggage with him, the innkeeper doubted it.

Elmar instantly applied to a magistrate, who issued a warrant for the apprehension of the criminal; but as the latter had obtained several days' start of the officers, he could not be found. Traces of him were discovered, but they only proved that he had reached the sea, and was already beyond pursuit. He had disposed of the larger portion of the gems in Cologne, and taken the sum obtained for them, as well as the rest of the jewels with him, as — without any knowledge of the catastrophe which had happened at Altenborn — he pursued his way to Brussels and Antwerp.

In spite of the self-sacrificing devotion with which the baroness and Erica watched over Katharina, they could not, even with the assistance of the maids, dispense with the aid of an experienced nurse, especially as Katharina's condition kept all who surrounded her in a state of constant excitement. They therefore entreated the help of one of those excellent nurses, the Protestant sisters of charity, who have chosen their arduous vocation from the impulses of their own hearts, from true Christian love and sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-mortals.

When the sister, clad in her plain dark dress, approached the bed, and bent over Katharina in loving anxiety, all felt as if the danger were no longer so great, and recovery might be possible.

"You will have a difficult task," said the baroness, "for it is often scarcely possible to control the patient, and moreover we understand very little about it, and you can only employ us as assistants, while the principal burden will rest upon your shoulders."

"That is the purpose for which I have come," replied the sister gently, as she stood up and looked at the old lady with an expression of tender sympathy.

"Fräulein Molly!" cried Erica; "grand-mamma, it is Fräulein Molly!"

"Sister Molly, Erica," said the latter, holding out her hand to her. "You see the guiding hand of Providence which leads me to a woman towards whom my heart was once full of rage and bitterness,

in order to give me an opportunity to atone for my sin."

"Then you are doubly welcome to me, sister," said the baroness. "I was very anxious about your fate, and both Elmar and I have made every effort to obtain news of you. You must tell us how you were guided into this path."

"As we are all guided into it," replied Molly with a smile. "Misfortune must first soften the hard soil of our hearts, to prepare it for the good seed, and awaken a yearning for true salvation. If we then take refuge in the safe haven of Christianity, the desire to do some active work there is natural, and for those who are bound by no ties, the care of the sick is at once the most attractive and beneficial. But we must not forget our patient, who is beginning to grow restless."

Molly made the necessary arrangements with so much calmness and care, that all felt grateful to the firm, steady hand, that undertook the direction of affairs. Katharina's condition, in the opinion of the doctors who were summoned, had become perfectly hopeless, and as the balance of her mind was irretrievably lost, her recovery could scarcely be desired.

Little Carlos's body had not yet been placed in the family vault. Erica and even the baroness clung to the belief that the death might be, as Wehlen had declared, only a seeming one, so for the present the little corpse remained in the castle.

Molly was deeply moved as she stood beside the dead child, who had once caused her so much trouble and anger, and for whose life she would now cheerfully have given her own.

The body was kept until the signs of approaching dissolution dispelled every doubt, and the baroness herself gave orders for the funeral. It was a sad day; Elmar felt the loss of the child all the more keenly, as he was forced to acknowledge that he had not given him the full measure of love the poor little fellow, who was entirely innocent of his mother's acts, had a right to claim. This mother alone remained unmoved, and while the child was being lowered into the vault, laughed gaily as she talked of the pearls she had won by her energy.

Katharina's powerful constitution resisted the disease much longer than the physicians had expected, and but for Molly's wise arrangement, which skilfully divided the burden, all would have been exhausted and worn out by their attendance on the invalid.

"I cannot understand, sister, how you

can continue this fatiguing work almost without interruption," said Erica one day, when she sat alone with Molly beside the sick-bed. "I am probably as strong as you, but I sometimes feel so tired, that my sleep resembles the apparent death into which Wehlen wanted to throw me. Ah! forgive me, Molly," she added hastily; "I mentioned a name which must have a painful effect upon you."

The sister of charity smiled kindly at the speaker, and answered cordially, "Don't be troubled, Erica, the time when the utterance of that name wounded me has long since passed. If the void in my heart, the dreariness of my life, induced me to bestow my love upon an adventurer, my heart, by God's blessing, is now so full that it has scarcely room for the memory of an affection so unworthily lavished. In those days I longed for kindness, for a love that seemed everywhere refused, and recklessly grasped at the bait held out to me; now I have plenty of kindness and affection, both within and without, and can forgive Wehlen, nay, even bless him for having given me the shock which guided me into this happy path."

"I admire you, Molly, but I do not think I could follow your example; I should be unable to lead a life of such entire self-abnegation."

The sister of charity smiled again. "You speak so, because you do not know this life, Erica; because you have no idea of the deep, blessed satisfaction it bestows. The love I once missed so painfully, I now receive in rich abundance from my patients. When I see their eyes sparkle with joy at my entrance, it affords me a delight the fond glance of your lover can scarcely give. When I see tears of gratitude in their eyes, and feel how indispensable I am to them, how my devotion alleviates their sufferings, perhaps cures them, I could shout aloud in my joy that God has so favored me, given me such unspeakable happiness here on earth.

"I bless the stern school through which I have been led, for in it I have learned that we bear our happiness within us, and are always miserable when we seek it outside. While, in former days, when I tried to find this happiness in external things, my heart was always filled with rage and bitterness towards those who were apparently more fortunate than I, I now live in harmony with the whole world, and sincerely rejoice in the prosperity of all my fellow-mortals, for their good fortune no longer seems stolen from me. The spring from which I have learned to draw this

happiness gushes forth in boundless abundance, and can refresh all who seek it; so do not pity me any longer, but join in thanking God for the mercy he has shown me."

Molly's words were confirmed by the expression of her face. Her features were so transformed by the new look they wore, that she could now really be called pretty. She performed her toilsome duties with a cheerfulness which exerted a refreshing and inspiring influence upon all who surrounded her, and made her the object of universal love and reverence.

"I feel so base and wicked beside Molly," said Erica, as she sat with Elmar in one of her intervals of rest. "Although I do everything in my power for Katharina, it is only my duty, and yet it sometimes seems hard, and but for the hope of being with you now and then, I could scarcely bear it."

"I hope your strength will not be overtaxed, Erica," replied Elmar, casting an anxious glance at her weary face. "Although I am sincerely glad that Molly finds so much happiness in her profession, it is not suited to all. You, my little heather-blossom, have a much nearer duty, that of making the happiness of one individual, and I think the occupation will afford you sufficient satisfaction."

"You know it gives me too much joy, Elmar, and almost makes me indifferent to the rest of the world. But it is the very fact that Molly feels so happy without this blessing, that raises her so high in my eyes, and perhaps it is very wrong in me, but I torment myself with extremely traitorous thoughts about her. I have been fancying what an admirable wife she would make for Reinhardt. He likes her very much, for he talked in the most enthusiastic way about her, and she would be such an excellent pastor's wife."

"Perhaps better than he is pastor, in spite of his really admirable sermons. I intend to propose that he should take a position in some university, and would be glad to help *Professor Reinhardt* in his career. He is too much interested in learned subjects for a country pastor, whose mind must be principally engrossed by the affairs of his parish; and besides, on the other hand, it would be a pity for him to make no use of his fine talents. As a professor who delivers lectures, he will be exactly in his element, and we will see that he obtains such a position as soon as possible."

"Well, Molly would make an excellent professor's wife."

"Let us beware of playing Providence,

my darling," replied Elmar gravely, "and leave the matter entirely to God. Molly is contented and happy, let us not disturb her joy. All the cares and troubles which the professor's wife might encounter would weigh heavily on our hearts, and we might reproach ourselves for having torn her from her peaceful asylum."

Katharina breathed her last sigh without recovering her consciousness. Much as the old baroness had longed to receive one farewell look or word from her granddaughter, she could not help acknowledging that it was better so, since the remembrance of what had happened must have exerted too terrible, too prostrating an effect upon the sick woman. The death-bed, however, thereby lost the lofty sanctity which usually surrounds it, and which the survivors treasure in the inmost shrine of their hearts as the dearest and most sacred recollection left them by the dead.

The family vault once more opened to receive a corpse, and the mother slumbered beside the son. The dead woman had no cause to fear the dreams that had tortured her when living; she slept peacefully beside those who had gone before, and the general awakening will not bring conflict and menace, but fervent love, deep peace.

After the funeral Molly left the castle. How different was the departure from the one she had taken from this place scarcely two years before! She thought of it with a certain mournful pleasure, and repeated to Erica what she had so often said during their conversations.

"We must seek happiness and joy within, not without; the external world is only a mirror, which reflects our own faces. Now that I have these two heavenly blessings in my heart, I feel them everywhere, even outside of me, and the same world against which I formerly battled, because it oppressed me, now acts in harmonious unison, and overwhelms me with a wealth of goodness and beauty."

The misfortune which had marched with its iron tread through the halls of Altenborn, cast its shadow over the nuptials of Erica and Elmar, it is true, but could not obscure their happiness. By degrees its memory faded more and more, and the horizon of both was radiant with the brightest sunlight.

The magnificent rooms, in which Erica had danced at her first ball, were refurnished to receive their new mistress, who at first found her home almost oppressively splendid, and would have preferred to remain with Elmar in the baroness's wing,

but soon became accustomed to the spacious, lofty rooms. She possessed in her own character the firmness, which makes poverty and wealth appear like mere garments, and as poverty had not depressed her, so wealth excited no feeling which could arouse a fear that her head would be turned.

Although, under the new rule, the magnificent rooms were not continually filled with guests, they opened willingly and often for gay parties. The beautiful Sidonie, whose presence Katharina had so often vainly desired, frequently adorned these entertainments, and, to the delight of all, the exquisite statue now showed that it was animated by a soul. Although her reserved, distant manner had become too much a part of her nature to be entirely laid aside, it was only assumed towards the world in general, while her intimate acquaintances were treated with all the more cordiality. Werner, on the contrary, seemed entirely unchanged by his happiness, and as his character — as Fritz had already remarked — suited Count Meerburg better than the secretary Werner, all united in praising him.

The sky at Dorneck was also illumined by the brightest sunlight, and though the family circle had grown smaller, the villa never lacked visitors or gayety. The wives of the two lieutenants still considered their parents' house their home, and usually spent the summer afternoons there, and the beautiful Rosa also felt at home, and nestled more and more closely into the hearts of her husband's mother and father. Prince Eduard and Edith were the only persons not quite satisfied, for as the young prince could not possibly remain in Bonn any longer "on account of his studies," and the countess still refused her consent to a speedy marriage, the young lovers were obliged to content themselves with a constant interchange of letters.

The idyllic life at Waldbad was really enjoyed, though the baroness declared she could not endure the long journey, and begged Erica to content herself with Sandor. The return to her old home moved Erica deeply, but the tears that flowed from her eyes were those of gratitude, and when she knelt with her husband beside her mother's grave her heart overflowed with thankfulness to God.

Old Christine was overjoyed to see Erica again, and proud of the fulfilment of her prophecy. The latter made no attempt to take the faithful old servant to Altenborn, for she felt that she could not make her as happy there as she was in Waldbad. Erica

and her husband often visited the place which had been made sacred to her by the events of her childhood, and her life with her mother. True, the little ruinous house soon disappeared to make way for a handsome villa, but the sea and landscape remained unchanged, and the beautiful view from the veranda gave her the old home-like feeling.

Thus her devotion to her old residence still existed, while the new home took deeper and deeper root in her heart. While she called her summer excursion to Waldbad going to the other house, she termed her stay at Altenborn remaining at home. Going to Waldbad and remaining at Altenborn seemed equally delightful, for in both places Elmar was at her side, and wherever he was she felt really at home.

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THE GOTHIC FRAGMENTS OF ULFILAS.

THE great majority of English readers are not aware of the vast treasury of wealth which exists for all who love the English language in the fragments of Ulfilas the Goth; and unless they are scholars of some pretension they are probably acquainted with little more than the name. We purpose giving in this article a short sketch of the most conspicuous features of these remains, and showing some of the numerous points in which they become a mine of original ore for those who are interested in the earliest forms of their own speech, and can find a pleasure in tracking home some long-familiar and well-hunted word to its secret lair.

It will be well to give at the outset some brief account of the personal history of Ulfilas, and of the singular fortunes that have attended his work. About the year 258 A.D., in the reign of the emperors Valerian and Gallienus, the Goths laid waste Asia Minor, which was then for the most part Christian, and carried off out of Cappadocia and Galatia numerous prisoners, among whom were some priests. These Christian prisoners became the means of sowing the seeds of their own faith among their new masters, and among the Christians thus captured were the ancestors of Ulfilas. They had already lived sixty years among the Goths when Ulfilas was born, and this fact accounts for his use of the Gothic language and for his Gothic name, which is equivalent to our modern word "wolf." His birth took place somewhere about 318 A.D., when the

Goths were in possession of the Dacian provinces north of the Danube. After the death of Constantine, and when his son Constantius was reigning in the East, Ulfilas at the age of thirty was made first bishop of the Mæso-Goths. He labored for seven years in the provinces beyond the Danube, when he was compelled to seek refuge with Constantius, about 355 A.D., from the persecution of the heathen Gothic prince Athanaric. The bishop and his followers had a dwelling-place assigned them south of the Danube, in the mountains of the Hæmus, the modern Balkans. This was the sphere of his labors for more than thirty years: he was within the confines of the Roman Empire, and therefore under the protection of Rome, and he spent nearly half his life there preaching, studying, and writing. He preached in Latin, Greek, and Gothic, invented the Gothic alphabet, which was an adaptation of the Greek, and left behind him many translations, sermons, and treatises. He was taken ill, and died at Constantinople, whither he had gone at the bidding of the emperor on the affairs of the Church, in his seventieth year, A.D. 388. He translated from the Greek the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with the exception of the books of Samuel and Kings, which he prudently omitted, fearing the warlike influence they might have on his inflammable nation. As far as we know, the Gothic language had never before been used for literary purposes. Nor is it probable that it had. As late as the ninth century copies of the translation of the Scriptures by Ulfilas were still in existence; after that we lose sight of them. Up to that time the Goths carried with them in their various migrations this sacred and national literary monument. Till within the last fifty years all that remained of it were fragments of the four Gospels, preserved in what is known as the Codex Argenteus. This MS., now kept in the library of Upsala, in Sweden, was probably written about 550 or 600 A.D., when the East Goths were ruling in Italy, and it came, after unknown fortunes — perhaps by the agency of Charlemagne, who conquered the Goths in Spain, or by other means — into the possession of the Abbey of Werden, near Düsseldorf, where it was found by Arnold Mercator towards the close of the sixteenth century. Thence it found its way to Prague, whence it was taken by the Swedes to Stockholm in 1648. Then it was brought to Holland, and again purchased by the Swedes for six hundred dollars, bound in silver, and given to the

University of Upsala. It is written in silver letters, with gold headings to the sections, and to the Lord's prayer. Out of three hundred and thirty leaves only one hundred and seventy-seven remain. In 1818 the Epistles of St. Paul in Gothic were discovered by Mai and Castiglione in a monastery of Lombardy, written on palimpsests. With the exception of a few other fragments of minor importance, this is all that remains to us of the priceless version of the Gothic bishop; but this has been the means of making known to us the structure and composition of a language which would otherwise have irretrievably perished; and it is impossible to overrate the importance and the interest attaching to an original version of the New Testament, whether we regard it linguistically, historically, or theologically.

We proceed now to illustrate these observations from specimens which we shall present to the reader in the following order: 1, illustrations of grammar and language; 2, additions found in the Gothic text; 3, omissions; 4, peculiarities of translation; and 5, variations of reading and interpretation.

1. The Gothic language is the oldest representative of the Teutonic branch of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic family of languages, and bears a striking analogy in the structure of its grammar and in its vocabulary to the Greek and the Sanskrit, while in certain points it has retained a perfection of form which is not found in the Greek. It marks the neuter in nouns, adjectives, and pronouns. It possesses a dual of personal pronouns and verbs; and in this respect it is curious to notice in the Gothic version a degree of precision which is absent from the Greek. For example, in St. Mark xi. 2, where our Lord is giving orders to his two disciples concerning the passover, the Gothic runs, "Go ye two into the village over against you," and the dual is preserved throughout. Again in St. John x. 30, the Gothic uses the dual for rendering our Lord's words, "I and my father are one;" *i.e.*, *we two are* — Greek, *toútw*. And again in St. John xvii. 11, 23, "That they may be one as we two are one." So likewise in 1 Cor. xii. 21, "The head cannot say to the feet, I have no need of you two." And in Eph. vi. 22, when St. Paul says "that ye might know our affairs," meaning those of himself and Tychicus, he uses the dual in the Gothic version.

The Gothic language has also a passive voice and a causal form in verbs.

In reading this old version, one is struck

by the homeliness and simplicity of the language used, and by the strange light that is thrown upon some common English or German word, as though we suddenly came upon it in an earlier stage of existence. As this is perhaps the point that will most interest the general reader, we will give several examples.

In St. Matt. v. 35, "Swear not at all . . . neither by the earth, for it is his *footstool*," Gothic, *fofubaurd*; i.e., foot-board.

The original of our word *wreak* is seen in St. Matt. v. 44, "Bless them that *curse* you," Gothic, *wrikandans*. The word commonly used for Lord, *Franja*, is still familiar in the German *Frau* and *Fräulein*.

Few persons who are glad to think of and to see their friends are aware that the word *friend* is a genuine present participle of the Gothic verb *frijon*, to love; Sanskrit, *pri*; and that in like manner the word *fiend* is a present participle of the verb *fijan*, to hate (Luke xix. 27); *friend* and *fiend* therefore being respectively *lover* and *hater*.

A practical difficulty which must always beset those who would write English phonetically is the mode of distinguishing between the *son* of the family and the *sun* in the heavens. It is remarkable that this is a difficulty arising out of the original sound of the two words, both being derived from the Sanskrit *su*, to beget. And there is in Sanskrit one word, *sunu*, which combines the two meanings of *begetter* and *begotten*, or *sun* and *son*. In the Gothic *sunna* or *sunno* is sun, and *sunns*, son. (See Matt. v. 45.)

In the modern *alms* the etymological connection with *pity* is obscured if not forgotten, but the original *tenderheartedness* reappears in the Gothic *armahairti-tha* even more plainly than in the German *Barmherzigheit*.

Two words in common use at the present day are found in the phrase "lock thy door"—*galukans haurdai*, Matt. vi. 6—the latter word probably containing the origin of *hoarding*. "They think they shall be heard for their *much speaking*," Matt. vi. 7, is in the Gothic *siluvaurdein*, fulness of words. Our word *thief* is found in the Gothic *thiubo*, while *steal* and *shoplift* are representatives of *stilan* and *hlifan*, which are both used in Matt. vi. 19, 20. With the latter compare the Greek κλεπτης. In "take no thought for your life" we find the earliest use of our own *mourn* in *mawr naith*, and in "more than meat" we see the origin of *food* and *fodder* in the Gothic *fodeinai*. "Consider the lilies

of the field," Matt. vi. 28, is in Gothic "the *blooms* of the *heath*"—*blomans haithjos*; and so, in ver. 30, "the *grass* of the field" is the hay, *havi*, and in John vi. 10, "There was much *grass* in the place;" while *to-morrow* is *gistradagis*, i.e., *yesterday*. In the Gothic we discover the original meaning of the word *believe*, German *glauben*, Gothic *galaubjan*; for it is a causal form of *liuban*, to be dear, *galaubjan*, to hold dear, to trust. So compare *gadrageith*, giveth to drink, a causal of *drigkan*, to drink, Matt. x. 42. "Enter ye in at the strait *gate*," Matt. vii. 13, and "I am the *door*," St. John. x. 9, are rendered in the Gothic by the one word, *daur*. "Ye shall know them by their *fruits*," Matt. vii. 16, is *bi akranam*, that is, by their *acorns*. So "fruits meet for repentance," Luke iii. 8, *akran*. (Comp. corn.) Centurion is in Gothic *hundafaths*, so *bruthfaths* is *bridgeroom*, the last syllable in both cases being the Sanskrit *pati*, lord. The last syllable of *bridgeroom*, which always strikes one as somewhat harsh, is in Gothic preserved in its original form and meaning, namely, *guma*, man. So the roughness of the *r* is absent from the last syllable of the German *Bräutigam*. In Matt. viii. 13 we read, "And his servant was healed in the self-same *while*," *weilai*.

In "when he was come into Peter's *house*," and "he arose and went to his *house*," the Gothic has *gards* and *garda*, which still remain in our *yard* and *garden*, and in *Stuttgart*, etc. So 1 Cor. x. 22, "Have ye not a *garden* to eat and to drink in?" In Matt. ix. 12, *Ni thaurban hailat lekeis*, "They that are whole have no need of the physician," we find the words *darben*, *bedürfen*, whole and leech.

In "he that taketh not his cross," Matt. x. 38, we find the cross in all its original offensiveness as *galga*, the gallows. See also Galatians vi. 12, 14.

In Matt. xxv. 42, "I was a *hungered*," we have *gredags*, showing that the time was when the word *greedy* bore less offence than it does now. As a singular illustration of the vicissitudes that befall words in the lapse of ages, we have in the Gothic of Matt. xxvi. 74, and the corresponding passages of Mark and John, "And immediately the cock crew," *suns hana hrukida*, which in its modern equivalents would be, *soon the hen croaked*. The same thing is conspicuous in the two words *queen* and *quean*, one of which has inherited imperial glory and the other reproach and shame, though neither originally meant more than woman or wife, being the Gothic *gino* or *quens*, Matt. xxvii.

19, 1 Cor. ix. 5, Greek, γῶν. So, in like manner, when Joseph of Arimathea was called *gabigs*, rich, the modern *big* meant somewhat more than it does now. Other curious changes in meaning are to be discovered in the elephant hair with which John the Baptist was girded, Mark i. 6, the camel and the elephant being equally unknown, and the name of the one being wrongly assigned to the other; in x. 25, in the leathern girdle which he had about his *hup* (hips), and in the descent of the Holy Spirit like a hawk, *sve ahak*, Mark i. 10. So the "two young pigeons" of Luke ii. 24, *toos juggons ahake*. It is strange that the appellation of a timid bird like the dove should have passed over to its direct opposite in disposition, the hawk.

We find the original of the common word *bed*, Mark ii. 4, in the Gothic *badi*.

The advocates of the modern practice of intoning and monotoning may find some countenance for the habit in the fact that there was a time when to sing out and to read out were one and the same thing; and so the Gothic of Mark ii. 25, "have ye never read" — is *ussaggvuth* (Comp. Luke iv. 16, of our Lord "he stood up for to read.") The word for *parables* is *yokes*, Mark iv. 2, *gayukom*; and "the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven," iv. 11, are its runes, *runa*. The word for millstone, Mark ix. 42, *asilugairnus*, is the relic of a time when the mill was worked with asses, and the second half of the word probably survives in our word *churn*.

"The book of divorcement," Mark x. 4, reminds us of the original Hebrew term, *sofer*, book, which is rendered in the A. V., "bill of divorcement." The word for *riches*, in Mark x. 23, reminds us of a time when the chief wealth of the nation was in cattle — *faihu*, German, *vieh*; and the turn in the context which is given to "trusting in them" by the change to "hunting after them" (*hunjan*) is a good practical commentary thereon. We come upon the origin of the modern word *kiln* where we should perhaps not expect it, in the *winefat* that was digged by the husbandman, Mark xii. 1, *keliæn*.

Two other common words are found in strange places in Mark xiv. 14, "say ye to the goodman of the *hive*" — *heiva* — and in 43, "a great multitude with swords and trees," *trivam*. The first origin of the Hanseatic towns is discovered in the Gothic of "they call together the whole band," Mark xv. 16, *hansa*. Our Lord is described as being "twelve winters old," Luke ii. 42, *valib vintruns*; and the

epithet *magus* (German, *Magd*), is applied to the "child Jesus" in the next verse.

The original nature of evil as a departure from good is beautifully seen in "to do good or *ungood*," Luke vi. 9, *thiuth taujan*, *thau unthiuth taujan*.

In Luke viii. 26 we see the mother and brethren of our Lord *yearning* to speak with him, *gairujandona*; in ix. 5 the disciples are told to shake off the *mould* from their feet in going out of the unworthy city — *mulda*; so in 1 Cor. xv. 48, "as is the *mouldy*;" and in ver. 62 of the same chapter we see that the *plough* was originally a *hoe*, *hoha*, from which he who looked back was not fit for the kingdom of heaven. In x. 19 the disciples are told that they shall tread on serpents — *trudan ufaro vaurme* — i.e., *tread on worms*. When the tempters are asked, xx. 24, "Whose image hath it?" the word is *mannleika*; and in ver. 36, those who are equal to the angels are *even* with them — *ibnans*.

In John vi. 63 we find the familiar *it boots not* in "the flesh *profiteth* nothing" — *boteith*.

In John xv. 1, "I am the true vine," *veinatriu*, i.e., wine-tree, is found; and in xviii. 1, "where was a garden" — *aurtigards* — we see the original of the modern *orchard*.

From the Epistles we may take a few examples of interest, e.g., Rom. viii. 3, "what the law could not do in that it was *sick*," *siuks*; ix. 27, "sand of the sea," *malma mareins*, the first word survives in the German *zermalmen*; 1 Cor. i. 20, "Where is the wise" — *handugs*, *handy* — recalls a state of society in which dexterity was regarded as wisdom. In 1 Cor. vii. 21, "care not for it," the Gothic is *ni karos*. In ix. 7 *milk* is found as *miluks*. In xv. 9, St. Paul calls himself the *smallest* of the apostles — *smalista*. In 2 Cor. xi. 33, he speaks of being "let down through an *eye-door*" — *augadauro* — which shows that *window* was originally *wind-door*. In Phil. iii. 5, "the stock of Israel" is called the knot, *knodai*, and the "thrones" of Col. i. 16 are *sittos*, *settles*. It will be readily conceived from these examples, which are given only as specimens of many more, what a rich mine there is in the Gothic fragments to reward the investigation of the student.

2. There are a few *additions* to be noted in the Gothic text of the New Testament. In Mark iii. 32, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee," the Gothic adds, with some MSS., *and thy sisters*, which, at all events, corresponds more exactly with the words fol-

lowing in the last verse of the chapter: "The same is my brother, *and my sister*, and mother." There is a note at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, which runs, "It was written to the Romans from Corinth." In the account of the institution of the Lord's supper, 1 Cor. x. 17, there is the remarkable addition of the words in italics: "We are all partakers of that one bread *and of that one cup*," which, considering the antiquity of the version, may be regarded as very important testimony to the practice of the Gothic Christians in the middle of the fourth century. In ver. 29 of the same chapter we find this addition: "Why is my liberty judged of the conscience of the *unbeliever*?" At the end of the first Epistle to the Corinthians we have this note: "The first Epistle to the Corinthians was written from Philippi, as some say, but it seemeth rather, by the apostle's own showing, to be from Asia" — with which modern writers agree. Comp. xvi. 8. In 1 Cor. xii. 15, 16, the Gothic adds to the clause, "If the foot should say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body," the words, "*nor to the body*;" and so to the words, "If the ear should say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body," *nor to the body*; and in xv. 10, it reads, "I labored *and endured* more than they all." These are some of the additions which are to be observed in the Gothic version of the New Testament Ephesians i. 6, instead of being, "Wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved," runs "in *his beloved son*." In Phil. ii. 28, instead of St. Paul saying, "and that I may be the less sorrowful," the Gothic makes him say, "that I may be the more glad, thinking how it is with you."

3. We pass now to the omissions, as distinct from those portions which have unfortunately been lost to us from the defective condition of the MS. The first is the omission of the word *openly*, with the best MSS., in Matt. vi. 18, "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee *openly*." Again, in xi. 2, "John sendeth two of his disciples," the word two is omitted, where probably *du* was read instead of *duo*, which is however not without MS. authority. In the narrative of the Pharisees being displeased on account of the disciples eating bread with unwashed hands, Mark vii. 2, the words almost requisite for the sense in English, "They found fault," are omitted, as indeed they are in the best MSS.; and similarly in the eleventh verse, there is in the Gothic nothing answering to the words "he shall

be free," which the authorised version has inserted with a view to complete the supposed sense of the Greek. By far the most important omission, however, is that of the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, in the beginning of the eighth chapter of St. John (viii. 1-11), together with the last words of the previous chapter, "And every man went unto his own house." As is commonly known, this is a much-disputed passage, but we are only concerned now to record the fact that the Gothic is one of those ancient versions in which it is not found. The other omission, for which there is also MS. authority, is that of the words, "through his blood," in Col. i. 14.

With regard to the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark, we are unfortunately not in a position to determine whether or not they were contained in the MS. used by Ulfilas, because there is a defect in the Gothic MS. at that place. As however the hiatus does not begin till the twelfth verse, and the three first verses of the doubtful portion still remain, it would seem to be well-nigh certain that the rest of the remaining verses had originally formed an integral part of the Gothic version of St. Mark.

4. The translation of Ulfilas from the Greek is for the most part wonderfully close and accurate. In a very few instances he has slightly departed from the original, and we may suppose had authority for so doing, and in one or two cases he seems to have endeavored to give a gloss; but, as a whole, there can be no doubt that his version is highly valuable, even on this ground. The expression, Matt. v. 37, "Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil," as well as the petition in the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us from evil," is ambiguous, as it is in the Greek, but in both cases the probability seems to be that *from the evil one* is the meaning of the Gothic. In Matt. vi. 14, 26, "your heavenly Father," is "your father who is *over heaven*," *ufar himinam*.

Even the Greek order is observed in Matt. viii. 10, "not in Israel such faith have I found," and so in Luke viii. 47, where the construction is more complex, "she came running, and falling down to him, for what cause she had touched him, told him in the presence of all the people, and how she was healed immediately."

In Mark ix. 8, instead of "save Jesus only with themselves," we find "save Jesus only with himself."

In xii. 29, we find, "The Lord God our

Lord is one," following what is probably the true meaning of the Old Testament Hebrew.

In St. Luke ii. 14, we have the beautiful reading and rendering of Jerome preserved, specially commended by Keble, and generally followed by Roman Catholic interpreters also, indefensible though it may be critically or theologically, "on earth peace towards men of goodwill."

In ix. 46, 47, where the English version has rendered the same Greek word *διαλογισμὸς* by two, "Then there arose a *reasoning* . . . And Jesus perceiving the *thought*," the Gothic has used but one. On the other hand, in John vii. 1, "After these things Jesus *walked* in Galilee, for he could not *walk* in Jewry," where the Greek has but one, the Gothic uses two. Again, in Luke xvi. 10, where the Greek and English have used two dissimilar words to express opposite ideas, πιστός, δίκαιος, faithful, unjust, the Gothic has chosen two similar words, *triggus* and *untriggus*.

It is possible that in Luke xix. 42, we have an instance of a grammatical error, perhaps the only one to be found throughout the fragments, where ἐκρύβην, to which the real subject is τὰ, is rendered "now it is hid from thine eyes."

In John vii. 39, where the A. V. supplies *given* in the words "the Holy Ghost was not yet *given*," because that Jesus was not yet glorified," the Gothic has "the Holy Ghost was not yet *on them*, because," etc.

One of the blemishes of the existing English version is found also in the Gothic, namely John x. 14, 15, where it renders, "I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep," instead of "I know my sheep even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." This, however, may be a matter of punctuation in the printed copies. In the next verse, however, the still greater blemish of the A. V. in not discriminating between *flock* and *fold* for ποίμνιον and αὐλὴ is avoided by the one word being rendered *avethi* and the other *avis-tri*.

In x. 24, "How long didst thou make us to doubt," which, in the Greek, is *lift up our soul*, that is, *hold it in suspense*, the Gothic is literal in its rendering — *saivala unsara hahis*. In xi. 39, Lazarus is said to have been *dead four days*, which expresses the single Greek word τετραπαις

and is one word also in the Gothic, *fidurdogs*.

It has been a matter of some doubt whether the contest with beasts at Ephesus, to which St. Paul refers (1 Cor. xv. 32), was metaphorical or not. In the Gothic, whatever ambiguity there may be originally is preserved by the verbal following of the Greek, *bi mannan du diusam vaih*.

The obscure phrase used by St. Paul in 2 Cor. i. 18, "the things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay nay?" which is interpreted by Alford to mean that there should be "both affirmation and negation concerning the same thing," is thus rendered by Ulfilas, "that with me the yea should not be yea and the nay nay," which unquestionably gives the sense which the writer intended to convey.

Gal. v. 16, "I say, then, walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh," is rendered, "I say that ye walk in the spirit and fulfil not," departing slightly from the Greek.

Eph. ii. 16, "Having slain the enmity thereby," that is, by or on the cross, becomes in the Gothic "having slain the enmity *in himself*," in *sis silbin*. Gal. iv. 32, follows the Greek exactly, "as God in Christ hath forgiven you."

5. Foremost among the illustrations of reading and interpretation to be gathered from the Gothic version, must be placed the celebrated passage, 1 Tim. iii. 16, where the authority of Ulfilas is distinctly in favor of the reading which all scholars have now adopted, and by which the "God was manifest in the flesh" of the A. V. is shown not to be genuine; the Gothic runs, "Great is the mystery (*runa*) of godliness which was manifest in the flesh," so that the MS. Ulfilas used may have had *ð*, or more probably *ðs*, but certainly not *Θεός*.

In Mark viii. 22, "And he cometh to Bethsaida, and they bring a blind man unto him," Ulfilas reads "*Bethany*," which is also supported by some MSS.

In Mark ix. 40, the Gothic reads, "He that is not against *you* is for *you*," instead of "us." There is authority for either reading, but that which Ulfilas followed is perhaps to be preferred. Alford says, "In the divided state of the critical evidence, the reading must be ever doubtful."

In John ix. 8, the A. V. has, "The neighbors and they which before had seen him that he was *blind*," but the better reading is "that he was a *beggar*." The word is the

same in the Greek as that for "he sat and begged," or rather the substantive cognate to the verb, but in the Gothic two quite different words are used for the noun *beggar* and the verb *begged*.

In John xiv. 31, the Gothic reads, "But that the world may know that I love my Father, and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do," for which, however, there seems to be no MS. authority.

The "blindness" which "happened unto Israel," of Rom. xi. 25, is in the Gothic *daubet*, deafness. The Greek is *τιφλωσις*, which is ambiguous.

In Col. i. 12, 13, "who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," and "who hath delivered us from the power of darkness," etc., here the Gothic reads *you* in both cases, for which there is some, but apparently less, MS. authority.

In Col. iii. 8, there is a slight difference of reading. Instead of "filthy communication out of your mouth," the Gothic joins this to the catalogue of the things they are exhorted to put away, and then inserts, "let it not proceed out of your mouth," for which there seems to be some authority.

In 1 Thess. ii. 13, "the word of God which ye heard of us" is rendered "the word of the hearing of God," so that the *παρ' ημῶν* is taken away from *ἀκοῆς* and joined to *παρὰδιδόντες*. The precept in v. 22, "Abstain from all appearance of evil," is rendered, somewhat more feebly, "Keep yourselves from every thing of evil."

In 2 Tim. iv. 10, the Gothic reads *Crispus* for "Crescens," but there is also a variant *Kreskus*, which is clearly identical with the ordinary Crescens.

From this brief and fragmentary sketch of the more striking features of the Gothic version it will, it is hoped, be seen how full it is of interest to the philologist, the critic, and the theologian. And yet, except among scholars, it is probably but little known. We are not aware that any modern critical English edition exists. There are several foreign editions, the best probably that of Gablentz and Löbe in quarto, a very excellent one in crown octavo by Massmann, one in octavo by Gangengigl, which however is deficient in accuracy, and the Swedish edition of Upstrom. We may safely affirm that there is no branch of the Teutonic literature of deeper interest to the student than these ancient remains of the primitive Gothic version of the Gospels and Epistles. It is to be regretted that there is not more of them.

The ravages of time have been very cruel: the early part of St. Matthew's Gospel is lost to us; there is a terrible gap from the end of the eleventh chapter to the thirty-eighth verse of the twenty-fifth, while part of the twenty-sixth, and the whole of the twenty-eighth, are wanting. St. Mark's Gospel is complete, with the exception of the last eight verses, which have been lost. The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth chapters of St. Luke are missing. There is a gap at the end of the sixteenth, and the remainder of the Gospel is wanting after xx. 46. The commencement of St. John is imperfect till we come to the middle of chapter v., then it goes on with a few blanks till xix. 13, where it unfortunately ends. The Acts of the Apostles does not exist. The Epistle to the Romans begins at the end of chapter vi., and is fairly perfect till xv. 13, then there is a blank till xvi. 21. The MS. which the Gothic followed evidently ended at xvi. 24. The First Epistle to Corinth is very defective, the second is complete, and a note at the end says it was written from Philippi of Macedonia. The Epistle to the Galatians has a gap in chapter i. and in chapter iii. The Epistle to the Ephesians has a gap in chapter v. and in chapter vi., and the rest of St. Paul's Epistles are more or less imperfect. They come to an end at Philemon xxiii. This is all that we possess of the New Testament. There are a few fragments of the Old Testament, and of a commentary on the Gospel of St. John; but this is all that has as yet been rescued of the original Teutonic language that was spoken by the Goths in the third and fourth century after Christ.

One very important inference fairly deducible from the existence of this version of the New Testament, which dates from the middle of the fourth century A.D., is the existence of a Christian population among the Goths at that early period. We see also that the Scriptures must have been held in high esteem as the treasury of life, for otherwise they would not have been translated. It is also clear that the best MSS. would be chosen for that purpose, and therefore the version of Ulfilas has considerable value as a witness to the reading that stood highest in his day. For instance, his authority in such a case as 1 Tim. iii. 16 must be acknowledged to be very great. It is too early to suppose that a variation so great as that between the revised English version and his had already crept into the text. It could then have had no existence, and therefore the witness of the Gothic version must add very great

ly to the presumption against it. In like manner, when we find him writing in 1 Cor. xi. such an addition as "we are all partakers of that one cup," whatever may be the authority or the explanation of the words added, there can be no question that they afford unimpeachable testimony to the practice of the Christians of his day, or at least of those over whom he presided. The denial of the cup to the laity is indeed not a point on which we stand in need of any such early testimony, for it is one that was not mooted till long afterwards, but there can be no hesitation as to the nature and importance of the testimony being what it is. We may trust, therefore, that enough has been said to show the high interest and importance of the remaining fragments of the early Gothic version of Ulfilas, and that the sketch now presented, which does not aspire to give more than a cursory account, may have the effect of awakening a wider and more general interest in the study of a noble language which is one of the richest inheritances of the past, and is closely connected with our own, both in structure and vocabulary, as well as with its immediate descendant, the modern German.

STANLEY LEATHES.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ÆS TRIPLEX.

THE changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule-trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are

set up over the least memorable; and in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighborhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap skyhigh into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse. And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologically looked at, is the human body with

all its organs, but a mere bagful of pe-tards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle — the blue-peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battle-field in history; where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple, childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on, bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaklava was as safe and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the valley of the shadow of death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is

irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian Guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of men. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end! We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and trouble our heads so little about the devouring earthquake? The love of life and the fear of death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of tying it; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures ties it. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases, which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but at attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the definition of life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapor, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end,

philosophy has the honor of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a "permanent possibility of sensation." Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a "permanent possibility of sensation"! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the world life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing-bells are ringing all the world over; all the world over, and every hour some one is parting

company with all his aches and ecstasies; for us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. 'Tis a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honor, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies. We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the permanence of the possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a bath-chair as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our delightful lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armored for this world.

And not only well armored for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcase, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerate deal-

ings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlors with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlor with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be otherwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stock-still. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care of his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through peril and incongruity towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of us; the nastiest chances pop out against him; mim-mouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to

live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forego all the issues of living in a parlor with a regulated temperature — as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immutities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The permanent possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honor useful labor. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? And does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starr'd, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

R. L. S.

From Sunday at Home.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY A COMPANY'S OFFICER.

In the spring of the Mutiny year there were at Agra two or three American Presbyterian clergymen, engaged in missionary work among the natives there. That station was the headquarters of the government of the North-west Provinces, as a northern division of India is called, having a population of above thirty millions, about as great as that of the United Kingdom. Such a government required a number of clerks, who could speak and write English. There were few Englishmen in India then, other than the covenanted civilian and military, so these clerkships were held principally by Eurasians or half-castes, who were educated by their parents expressly for such work. A government college, and missionary schools, were the educational establishments to which these lads were sent. At these mission schools they were welcome, as they gave a Christian tone to the classes, which were otherwise filled by heathen youth. It was also felt that these Eurasians were an important class, over whom it was necessary to watch, lest they should fall into heathenism, and be a hindrance, instead of a help, to the spread of the gospel in India. The certainty of employment for educated sons made the parents eager enough to place them at schools, but as there were few missionary ladies in India at that time, it was very difficult to get any good education for the daughters of this class.

One of the missionaries at that time in Agra was the Rev. Mr. Fullarton, who had pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church there, which was attended, almost exclusively, by these Eurasians and their families. He was a man of about forty years of age, broad-shouldered and of powerful make, with a fine open face and kindly blue eyes, that shone again with joyous brotherly kindness to all men. His bearing too reminded one of the brave old Covenanters, whom no ills or fears could daunt, and gave the impression that he had a wellspring of life and health within him, that cheered himself and made those about him happy. He was a married man, and his wife, an American lady, was truly a helpmeet to her missionary husband. Though she had three young children, and from the smallness of her husband's missionary salary was unable to have much help in the way of servants, yet she made or found time to assist her

husband in his work. Being well-educated, she opened a school for the Eurasian girls of his congregation, and spent her spare strength in teaching them, and preparing them to be good Christian wives and mothers, such as the heathen around might take a lesson from, and imitate.

Like a thunderclap, the news of the mutiny at Meerat, on the 10th of May, fell on the Agra community, and turned the whole current of men's thoughts from the duties and schemes of the day, and bade them prepare for the coming struggle. Duties had, however, to be continued, and Mrs. Fullarton's school was carried on, subject always to the pressing thought that the danger and suffering which had fallen on other stations must be expected some day in Agra. At that time, three native regiments, and one European regiment, with six guns manned by Europeans, formed the garrison of that station.

On Saturday night, the 30th of May, news arrived that some companies of one of the Agra regiments had mutinied at Muttra, a station thirty-five miles off, and had fired on their English officers. The Agra regiments, notwithstanding their protestations of fidelity to their "salt," could no longer be trusted. The lieutenant-governor, Mr. Colvin, after consultation with the brigadier and Mr. Drummond, the magistrate, resolved on disarming them next day, and sending the men to their homes. The brigadier then went to prepare for the disarming, and the magistrate sent orders to rouse all the civilians and Christian clerks, and send them, with their wives and children, to rendezvous that had been appointed beforehand for their reception in the hour of danger.

Mr. Fullarton, with his wife and family, went to the one known as "Boldero's House," a bungalow perched on the top of an old lime-kiln, which from age was covered with sheltering trees, and clothed with grass.

The Sabbath sun rose that morning on a strange scene in the usually well-ordered station of Agra. Instead of early morning church, the troops, English and native, were assembled on parade, and there the natives, to their great astonishment, found themselves drawn up opposite the European regiment and guns with lighted port-fires, and ordered to lay down their arms. The great mass of men obeyed, as they had no time to make any arrangements; and, piling their arms, saw them carted away to the magazine in the fort. At night I visited "Boldero's bungalow".

about ten o'clock. Outside the house lay groups of gentlemen under the trees, talking quietly over the events of the day, but with loaded double-barrelled guns and plenty of ammunition by their sides. In the verandahs, ladies and native ayahs lay pretty closely placed, while the floors of the rooms inside were strewn with about as many babies and young children as they could readily hold. With one or two exceptions, the children were all asleep; but every now and then a sickly child would waken up and begin to scream. Immediately its watchful mother would start up, and go to its assistance, careful in approaching it lest she should step on any other lady's child. I saw Mr. Fullarton and his fellow-missionaries, with some other gentleman, sitting or lying below one of the trees. The full moon shone through the leaves, and I remember well Mr. Fullarton's face turned up to speak to me with a look or word of thankfulness for the sparing and other mercies of the day. At his side, too, lay a double-barrelled gun, which some gentleman had given him, knowing, however unwilling, his heart was stout enough to use it in defence of the helpless women and children.

That danger passed over, but in five weeks a mismanaged fight required the Christians to retire inside the Agra fort, and Mr. Fullarton's house was burnt with the rest. But the lives of all the civilians and native Christians, with a few painful exceptions, were saved; in this respect being so much better off than the people at Cawnpore, Futteghur, Delhi, and other stations. Distressing news from all these places harrowed the hearts of the Agra people, whose friends and relatives were the sufferers; but Mr. Fullarton, and the other American missionaries, were touched peculiarly by the massacres at Futteghur.

At Futteghur an American Presbyterian mission had been long established, and abundantly prospered. The native converts there had been taught an industry which was of great use to the government and officers of the army. The best tents were made by them that could be had in India; the cloth was sure to be good, and all the ropes, poles, etc., of the best material. You were sure indeed of getting there the best article of its kind which you wanted, and good value for your money. The consequence was the community was largely patronized, and was rich and prosperous. The people had excellent houses, and their village was so clean that it was a model which the Christian could point out

to the heathen with some pride and great satisfaction. Two or three American Presbyterian missionaries labored there and in the neighboring heathen city and villages. In the centre of the village stood a handsome little church with a spire, telling all around that *Yisu Masih* (Jesus the Messiah) was worshipped there.

Vainly did the English officers for weeks trust the deluded Sepoy garrison, and, to show their confidence, refuse to provision the fort. On the approach of another mutinous regiment, the garrison rose on the officers; and they, with the civilians, missionaries, and others, had to flee for refuge to the fort. Starvation, however, soon drove them to the Ganges, where they embarked at night in boats and dropped down the river. When opposite Cawnpore, about seventy miles down, they were, as we know, missionaries and all, foully butchered. The Sepoys and mob from Futteghur (or rather Furruckabad, the name of the city) went off to the Christian village, wrecked it, and slew or shot all the Christians they could lay their hands on. News came to Agra that they had all perished, but presently other news came that some had escaped, and were wandering in the jungles. Again news kept coming of one and another being caught, tortured, and slain with the sword, or blown away from guns.

In those days there was no getting down from Agra to help these people. At last, in October, the road was cleared. Havelock's victories threw terror into the native mind. Delhi fell, and a force detached from there came down to Agra, and in a brilliant victory defeated an army that threatened the fort. It then passed down country and joined Lord Clyde's army at Cawnpore, and he, before delivering his second attack on Lucknow, marched his headquarters up to Futteghur. Mr. Fullarton, yearning after the remains of the Futteghur flock, and hearing of this movement, joined Mr. Raikes, a civilian, in the perilous attempt of reaching, without a guard, the commander-in-chief's camp, some seventy or eighty miles off. They started together one night on the mail-cart, and happily arrived in safety. About a week after, I and others had to follow, and I shall never forget my impressions on arriving in camp, and the first sight of the long and anxiously-looked-for army from home. The first thing I came on was the artillery siege-train of monster guns, guarded by a party of the Forty-second Highlanders, one of whom was standing sentry. His fresh English complexion,

so different from what we were accustomed to, gave an impression of vigor and manhood which spoke of certain and speedy victory. I then went to the tent of my friend, the gallant young artillery officer and Christian soldier, Lieutenant Hastings Harington, so soon to be decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The next morning was Sunday, which was spent quietly in camp, with the usual early morning services for the troops on parade. In the forenoon, also, there was a separate service for the headquarter staff, and any other officers who chose to attend, in the commander-in-chief's large tent. Harington and I went there, and a goodly sight it was to see the chiefs of England's brave army in the East coming voluntarily to church. One could not help looking on the manly fellows there, and wondering sadly who of them were to survive the deadly struggle they knew they were so soon to face. In a front place sat Colonel Adrian Hope, commanding the Forty-second Highlanders, whose tall, handsome figure made his reverent bearing and earnestness more conspicuous, and telling and good as an example. He was one of those who not long after fell, trying to get his men out of a false position they were unfortunately sent to occupy.

In the afternoon, as the sun was beginning to go down, Harington and I were sitting in the tent, when "*Harington sahib hai?*" ("Is Mr. Harington here?") sounded outside as from a well-known voice. On going outside there was dear Fullarton, who had come from the city about two miles off to see Harington, and ask him to attend the first Sunday service he was to hold with the newly-found native Christians of Futtehghur.

We started at once. On the way down he told us the story of how, on his arrival in camp, about a week before, he had heard of some native Christians who had come to the city on being told that the English army was there. He determined to find them out, and, all alone, went down towards the town. On his way he met a blind Christian girl, led by a stranger. He at once recognized her, for he had seen her not long before the Mutiny began, when he was down assisting at a communion service at Futtehghur. He stopped her, and asked where she was going. She said she was on her way to the English camp, to find a *padre sahib*, who, she heard, had arrived there. Fullarton told her he was the *padre sahib* she was in search of. The girl stood still, as if in a sore dilemma; the Mutiny days had made her suspicious. At last she said, "May I feel

your coat?" "Certainly," said Mr. Fullarton. On which she felt the cloth, and recognized it as that worn by her old clergyman; then, catching his hand, she wept over it with joy. He asked her about the others, and was immediately conducted by her and her friend to a house in one of the streets. On being admitted, Mr. Fullarton walked right into the inner court, and there saw a number of Christians sitting round, who stared at him for an instant, amazed. One of them recognized him, and all rose in a body with the happiness of those relieved from long-continued anxiety and fear. He represented the return of the Christian government, and his presence among them was an assurance of deliverance out of all their troubles. Their deep joy broke him down too, and he could not help mingling his tears with theirs. As Mr. Fullarton was telling us about them, we reached the city of Futtehghur, and were greatly struck with its sad appearance. About the hour when we got there the principal streets of a native town are usually filled with men on business, or strolling up and down meeting friends, and shopping. That evening we met very few. The shops were almost all shut, nor was there any of that "busy hum of men" which is so especially characteristic of Eastern cities. Most of the houses seemed deserted. The people we did meet looked uneasy, no doubt at the presence of the great English army and authority, after the scenes they had joined in or witnessed, without caring or daring to check.

Worst of all, they could not hide the state of preparation they were in to fight the English force, which was now at their doors. Their houses were loopholed all along the principal streets, by order of the nawab and sepoys; but on its arrival they and their rulers had lost heart, and the city now lay at the mercy of the English. What added to their difficulty was, that a sepoy army was advancing on Futtehghur, full of the promise that they would, within the week, destroy the English army, and restore the authority of the nawab. As the boasts of coming victory were no doubt loud and deep, we can fancy there were many who believed the deeds would not belie the words. At last we reached a native house, where Mr. Fullarton stopped, and said that there he was to have his first regular Sunday service with the remnants of the Futtehghur native Christians. We entered through a courtyard, and ascended by some steps to the roof of the house, where was an open space of about twenty feet square. On the street

side there was a screen-wall some four or five feet high, which protected the people of the house from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by. The walls of the neighboring houses were also so raised and arranged that the people in them could not see us, nor could we see them. The most noticeable thing was that the screen-wall on the side next the street was loopholed for musketry, as in so many of the other houses. Who the owner was we did not know, though no doubt Mr. Fullarton and the native Christians did; but he had thought it prudent to leave his house, with his property, and stay away from home till the present storm had passed. At the farther end of the roof from the street was a covered-in verandah, for sitting in during the day or sleeping in at night. There Mr. Fullarton took his stand, and was joined by an English-speaking native, whom he introduced to us as a "catechist," and one who had been of good repute for long among the Christian community. The man had an intelligent, pleasant, and unassuming expression and manner, but his garments were in a miserable state. Had we not known his circumstances, we would not readily have believed that a respectable native Christian stood before us. Presently the congregation began to arrive, all presenting the same draggled and worn appearance. They had been wandering for months in the jungle, more or less hunted and harassed. Part had been hidden and cared for by a Hindoo village chief, at his great personal risk. He had compassion on them, and a heart to hate the cruelty of the city roughs and mutinous sepoys. The others had wandered about from place to place, hiding during the day and begging by night.

The congregation on the housetop sat down in rows, with earnest but cheerful faces, with their children by them, and some of the mothers had infants in their arms. "The baby," on this occasion at least, formed no excuse for the mother absenting herself from service, and though, after the manner of babies, cries or shouts frequently interrupted the meeting, no one seemed to be offended with them or their mothers. No, there was deep thankfulness that these little ones were spared, and a mother's love was honored by the care that had been taken, amid sore troubles, to preserve the children through such difficulties, exposure, and dangers. The service began with a Hindustanee hymn, which they all seemed to remember. Mr. Fullarton read a chapter, and spoke to the people many words of comfort and kindness in a short address. After this, we

had a prayer from the catechist. It was of course in Hindustanee, but a more touching cry to our Heavenly Father I thought I had never listened to. It gave the impression of having been composed, or thought out, during days of the deepest mental anxiety and bodily want, when the need of heaven's love and care were truly felt, and their supply earnestly sought.

At the close there was a talk all round between the clergyman and his flock, and kindly salaams bade him good-bye for the night. After they were all gone, Harington and I talked a while with Mr. Fullarton, who told us more of his dealings with the people. He found them, as we saw, in rags, and even unable to procure sufficient food. He therefore set about planning for their present needs. He first of all selected all the strongest of the men whom he thought he could get employed as policemen by the magistrate who was in camp. He then went to the camp, and asked if they would be received as such. A ready answer, "Yes," was given, for the English magistrate was then in sore want of men about him on whom he could thoroughly depend. He then returned, and told the men they were to have immediate employment, on seven rupees a month (fourteen shillings), which was good pay in their great need. But there was one difficulty—he could not take the men up to camp in such hopelessly tattered and scanty garments, so they must first be clothed. He therefore sent to the bazaar, and bought the cheapest white cloth that would do at all, had the men measured, and set the women to work at once to make up clothes, so that the men might be presentable. Willing hands worked hard, and soon he was able to go with them to camp, and had them all taken on as government servants. Knowing well the small stipend Mr. Fullarton had from the Mission Board in America, I asked, "But where did you get the money to do all this?" "Oh," he said, "I had it." "And how much have you over?" was my next question. He was silent for a moment; I saw the tear start in his eye; his lip quivered a little; at last he said, "A rupee." The truth was out, he was at starving-point himself, but did not care to tell. Harington and I made him take what we could give, for we knew there was much more he wished to do if he had the means. Mr. Fullarton was to sleep in his church on the roof of the house that night, but he would accompany us a short way towards camp.

On descending the stair into the courtyard, and as Harington and he walked on before, I observed a water-carrier, with a

few dry twigs, trying to get a *lotah* (brass drinking-vessel) to boil. It contained some four or five potatoes. I asked what these were being prepared for. He said, "They are for the *padre sahib's* (Mr. Fullarton's) dinner." "Is there anything more?" "No." Next day I started back for Agra, where dear Mr. Fullarton was so well-known. I told Mr. Lowe, a civilian and a Christian man, who loved Mr. Fullarton and his work, all I had seen and heard at Futtehghur. He started at once to see a few of his friends, and that evening sent off five hundred rupees, which were cheerfully given to aid Mr. Fullarton in putting his native Christian friends beyond want, at least for a while to come.

If any think that the faith of native Christians in the East is inferior to that of Christians in the West, the company of worshippers we met that Sunday afternoon would have dispelled any vain dream of superiority. These men had borne the spoiling of their goods; they had seen some of their number cruelly murdered; they had suffered the humiliation, and had undergone all the hardships, the watchings, the anxieties and fears that fill up the cup of bitterness that martyrs in other climes and ages have had to drain. They had only to renounce their faith, in order that they and their families might be restored to honor and comfort. But they would not deny their faith, and lived a noble company of witnesses for the truth.

England was at the time busy with the story of the sufferings of English women and children, and there were none able to write to the papers from the Futtehghur jungles, so little was known of what was going on. If England's queen would have been glad to see her army at prayer under the difficulties and distractions of active service, the American people had reason to be proud of their countryman that day, caring for nothing but to do his best for the Indian people, whom his brethren had been the means of rescuing from heathenism, and in ministering to whom they had lost their lives.

When peace was restored other American clergymen came to Futtehghur, and it is again prospering under their care. Mr. Fullarton returned to his duties at Agra, but was not permitted to labor long. Cancer of the tongue attacked him, and he was sent to Landour, a sanitarium in the Himalayas. There he bore his sore trial and painful suffering with the patience and resignation which were so natural to his noble Christian character. He chose to die in India, his adopted country, and the scene of his many labors of love. His

widow returned with her children to America. If they read this story in the *Sunday at Home*, they may not guess or remember the writer, but he cherishes with affection the memory of the dear servant of God who preached on the Futtehghur housetop that happy Sabbath-day.

THOMAS FARQUHAR.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PLEASURES OF MEDIOCRITY.

THE Frenchman who said of the English girl's singing that it was "magnifique, splendide, sublime, pretty good," had no idea that the last part of the compliment was a bathos. Perhaps he was right, though the opinion of the world has certainly gone against him. Perhaps a work of any sort of art which is "pretty good" gives no less pleasure, or more (and to give pleasure is, after all, its end), than any tremendous composition in the grand style. If you don't care for the grand style, or know what it is, then, says a poet in the most devout way, "*moriemini in peccatis vestris*." To follow the grand style only, to neglect what is "pretty good," is to miss the sweet April mornings, the indolent, easy pleasures of literature. "I think in my heart," said Thackeray before he was famous, before he was the author of "Vanity Fair," "I am fonder of pretty third-rate pictures than of your great, thundering first-rates. Confess how many times you have read Béranger, and how many Milton. If you go to the 'Star and Garter,' don't you grow sick of the vast luscious landscape, and long for the sight of a couple of cows, or a donkey, and a few yards of common?" One suspects people who do not enjoy the common nature, and the art which is not uncommon, of caring very little for either one or the other. They stay in town as long as fashion allows, and they go twice or thrice to stare at the biggest pictures in Burlington House. They hurry abroad, and nothing will satisfy them, after the scenery of Eaton Square, but nature in her grandest moods—the avalanche, the glacier, the tremendous thunderstorm, the first-rate sunset, the Bengal lights on the falls at Schaffhausen. If they visit a picture-gallery in Paris or Dresden, they glance at the designs which Baedeker marks with three stars. It is not so hard to recognize the grand style when it is indicated by this typographical device.

Surely this kind of person has no real love of the beautiful things of the world

or of man's making. He lives in commonplace and ugliness all his days, and tries every now and then a violent change of the intellectual air. If a man dwells always as much as he can in the thought and presence of what is beautiful, he cares less for brilliant effects and huge efforts of genius. The scented flowers on a grey old wall, a clump of poplars "whispering to the plane-trees," a river-shallow where the kine stand in the cool water, all these sights are common in his life, and give him from hour to hour as much pleasure almost as he is capable of enjoying. It needs a greater effort, unconscious as the effort may be, to live among the masterpieces of nature, the peaks that bury themselves in mists, or glow like molten steel in the splendors of an Alpine sunset. These beauties become almost intolerable, and lift the spirit into air too rarefied. This show, you cannot but think, has been spread for myriads of years, while there were no human eyes to watch and wonder. These changes and miracles of light and color have revealed themselves indifferently to the blind air before our race was, and when we have gone these eternal peaks will be the same in their barren gorgeousness. It is hard to avoid, and indeed it is not well to avoid, thoughts of this sort in the presence of what we call the sublime—the sea and the mountains which, compared with human fortunes, are immutable; the stars which "brand his nothingness into man." To awake such musings is of the very essence of the sublime. Never to have known them is to have missed a necessary experience, but always to live with them would be intolerable. There is no more pleasant relief than the spectacle of an English common, a Yorkshire moor where one hears the familiar "cluck" of the grouse, after a summer spent with the avalanche and the mountain. The eye and the mind are no longer strained, and nature rounds herself about human life, to foster which, in kindly, commonplace countries, she seems to have been intended from the beginning. People who are all for the austere and elevated natural landscape have souls, it is fair to suppose, naturally attuned to sublimity. In company with Mr. Cook's personally conducted tourists, they "do" their Alps and Dolomites without an effort. They are at home like the eagle in the silent places of the hills, and the Dolomites suggest no fancies with which they are not already quite familiar. Their taste is the same in art; in art, too, it pleases them *aerias tentasse domos* with unwearied wing. "Milton they never grow tired of, and are as familiar with

Raffaëlle as Bottom with exquisite Titania." They tell you that they do not read poetry often, which is perfectly true, but when they do take it, they like it good. This means that about once in every three years they make an effort to get through "Paradise Lost"—a conscientious, a gallant effort, but alas! an unsuccessful one. Shakespeare, too, they know is an accepted writer, who is as indisputably great as the Matterhorn itself—a poet marked with three stars in the books of all literary Baedekers. Yet even Shakespeare they can only peruse by help of the division of labor, and the encouragement and mutual aid of a society. No one ever saw the man or woman who likes poetry to be of the best reading "King Lear" for his or her own private pleasure. They would as soon think of taking a lonely walk by moonlight. Organized societies, of which each member is interested in reading his part as well as possible, are needed, with all the accompaniment of tattle and criticism, to see the sturdy Englishman who loves the sublime muse safe through "Macbeth." Shakespeare societies are proofs of the conscientiousness of our race. We are not satisfied with praising *le vieux Williams*, as the French praise *le grand Corneille*, without having read him. We are determined to read him, though it takes a dozen of us to work through a drama. When the task is finished, the lovers of the grand style go comfortably back to their newspapers. When they have done their Alps they retire to Eaton Square; when they have done their "Shakespeare" they fall back on the *Times*. It is not necessary, thank goodness, say they, to go roving in poetry or precipices till another year or another month has passed away.

Readers who like always to have some little memory of beautiful words within reach, as they like to have daffodils or daisies near them, and the sight of a tree from their study windows, do not perhaps visit "Paradise Lost" much more frequently than the sublimer souls of whom we have been speaking. Charles Lamb would have had "a grace before books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading 'The Faerie Queene.'" Milton, more than the others, requires, as it were, a solemn form, a grace chanted and choral, longer and more musical than those Latin exercises in which the deans and scholars of colleges respond each to the other at high tables. One has not always time for the spiritual retirement,

and cannot reach the isolation and elevation of thought, which should possess the reader whom Milton "wraps in a fold of his garment, and carries to the places which are his home." What is needed is a bright little garden of poetical flowers and singing birds; a glimpse, so to speak, of a common; a rare passage from some writer who is not named with the great and famous, but whom we have found for ourselves and made our own by right of discovery. Constable, or Habington, or Herrick, may well please for an hour, though they are many leagues remote from the grand style. There is a natural pleasure in reading things which no conscientious people make it a matter of duty to peruse. Thus one can fancy a Scotch Presbyterian in a Popish land going into a chapel or cathedral on a Saturday. He becomes aware of quite a new and charming sentiment; he is in church, yet he need not be there; he is in a place of prayer, though it is not the Lord's Day, and he may go away when he pleases. The minor poets take one with this charm, and, moreover, they are very human. The giants and Titans of art are separated from us in one sense, and in another they are too much like ourselves. They gave voice and form to the great commonplaces; to thoughts that all men have known they imparted majesty unattainable. Their matter is often as trite as the morality of a Sophoclean chorus; their manner makes their maxims sound like "the large utterance of the early gods," ineffably noble. The little poets wander into fantasies; they offer ideas which are not common, which the great men of art might have justly disdained, and they sing in very pleasant minor keys of their own. Probably we have missed much in losing the works of Greek minstrels of the second order. The so-called Homeric hymn to Demeter is the work of one of these men; it is not very grand, but has an air of its own—a pleasure, for example, in the color of flowers and the movements of girls as they run, which perhaps you do not find in the epics, which cannot contain the whole sum of the poetry of their time. The little masters of the "Anthology" are often to be preferred to *Æschylus* and his dramas of fate and retribution. These minor singers speak to a few in a language they understand. In reading them one has the pleasure of doing a sort of posthumous kindness. *Meleager* or the hymn-writers have won no very widespread name; no one is obliged to care for them. It is a voluntary offering one makes in studying their verses; it may be some

consolation to the neglected shade. The mediocre writers are not obtrusively thrust on you; their acquaintance you make for yourself, and you have a selfish entertainment in their unfrequented pleasaunce. They are good for the refreshment of tired minds; they can be laid aside as easily as a bunch of violets, and make hardly a more exorbitant demand on the attention: "Earthy are we, and of the earth;" and the works of the pleasant artists who made no great renown have, like violets, that earthy perfume as of things that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust." The true and tender, though certainly minor, poets have no great flights; have been little in the sun and the storm, and the thin air of the hills. Their verse has a fragrance which brings a melancholy not too profound. They take us by surprise, like the unsigned masterpiece in a chapel unknown to Murray. They missed fame, but they give pleasure. They won and they retain affection, and a kind of personal friendship which we do not offer to men greater and more austere.

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEARFUL SWING.

THE "shaftmen" at our collieries are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will shew how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the "tubbing" or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks, or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N— has a double shaft, divided by a "bratticing" or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened, to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is insured by the arrangement of the wire ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guiders running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cage.

On one occasion during a very severe frost these guiders had become coated

with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which fortunately was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing-point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a small boy returning to "bank," proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow part of the shaft, where of course there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken; as the engineman, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting, that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken—in fact rendered useless—by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greatest anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with his life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow while suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this then, a shaftman, whom we will call Johnson, descended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident had occurred; and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downwards, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the design of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view to liberating, if possible, the entangled cages and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet, when, to his horror and amazement, his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope; and the terrible discovery flashed upon him, that he was *suspended in the loop of the slack rope*, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage!

It will be understood that when the de-

scending cage stuck upon the runners; as the rope continued to unwind from the pulley it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower, until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop or "bight" was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the *two ropes*, and he did not discover until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered through the brattice into shaft A *below* instead of above where the cages were fixed. There he hung then, over a yawning abyss many fathoms deep—closed from above by the locked cages—all below looming dark and horrible.

None of course knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the shaftman! His square, sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed, he must have been paralyzed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognizable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guiders running down the inside of the shaft are fastened on to cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these, he might obtain a footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice-work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a *fearful swing*. Gaining a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice, he felt the cold icy face of the "tubbing," but as yet nothing except slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg. At last he touched a cross-beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered upward alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by

thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening into shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped, and frozen, and barely able to give the signal, he was drawn to the pit-mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame, he still pursues his hardy task as a shaftman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his fearful swing.

From Chambers' Journal.
JAPANESE FANS.

DURING the past few years, Japanese fans have become so popular in this country, that a few brief remarks respecting them and the manner in which they are manufactured — culled from the published report by her Majesty's consul on the trade of Hiogo and Osaka — may perhaps prove acceptable to our readers.

Osaka, we learn, is the principal city for the manufacture of the *ogi* or folding fans, which are those almost exclusively exported, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there; the figures, writing, etc., required for their adornment are executed at Kioto. The prices vary from a few pence up to six pounds sterling per hundred, and occasionally even higher prices are given, though the bulk consists of the cheaper sorts. The superior kinds of fans, it may be mentioned parenthetically, which are termed *uchiwa* by the Japanese, are manufactured at Kioto, and are extensively used by the better classes of the natives.

The following are the principal features in the account which Mr. Consul Annesley gives of the details connected with *ogi* or folding fans. As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labor is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kioto by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be salable during the ensuing season;

and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colors are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at any rate the most important position on the staff in ordinary. When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workman, together with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed, so that they will retain the crease, and this is done by putting them between two pieces of paper, well saturated with oil, and properly creased. The four are then folded together and placed under a heavy weight.

When sufficient time has elapsed, the sheets are taken out, and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, and "set" them into their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper. The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time the fan is put by to dry, it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed foreign paper has been tried, and had to be given up, as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fan-makers had been able to make some fans with printed pictures which had been sent over from America, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japanese paper.

The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and in consequence the style of manufacture has had to be changed. Instead of first pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy-work are all done in Osaka and Kioto, and some of the designs in gold lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first-class work. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.

The highest price that was ever given

for a fan in the days of seclusion from the outer world rarely exceeded a sovereign; but since the arrival of foreigners in the country, some few have been made to order at prices varying from two to three pounds sterling. The general prices of ordinary fans range from two or three shillings to three pounds per hundred, though an extraordinarily expensive fan is turned out at ten pounds per hundred. The sale of fans in olden times seldom exceeded ten thousand a year for the whole country;

but in recent years no less than three millions per annum have been exported from the ports of Osaka and Yokohama alone. In concluding these brief notes, it may be interesting to mention that the number of fans ordered in Japan for the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia reached the large figure of eight hundred thousand, the estimated cost of which was ten thousand pounds, and that these were over and above the ordinary annual export alluded to before.

GREEK PRONUNCIATION. — Our classical and scholastic readers will be amused with the following very characteristic letter of Professor Blackie of Edinburgh to the editor of the *Times*: "I was sorry to observe from a report some time ago in your columns that my esteemed friend Mr. Gladstone, in the matter of the pronunciation of the language which he loves so much, still remains a heretic. The English pronunciation of Greek is a mere figment, a piece of incongruity, absurdity, perverseness, and practical inconvenience altogether indefensible, and I hope you will allow me, as a Scottish scholar, to enter my protest against the scholastic continuance of a practice disgraceful to the philological science of these islands. The vocalization of Greek I will let pass, presuming that by the admission of all scholars it cannot stand a single moment after the overthrow which the bastard Latin of the English schools has received from the strong arm of the editor of 'Lucretius.' But neither does the case stand a whit better in the matter of the accentuation. I never yet found an English scholar who could answer me the simple question, Why do you pronounce Latin with the Latin accents received by tradition from the Latinists of the Roman Church, while you refuse to pronounce Greek according to the combined traditions of the Greek Church, the Greek people, and the Alexandrian and Byzantine grammarians? Mr. Gladstone says, repeating in this the refrain of English scholars ready to catch at any straw in defence of their perversities, that Greek accent means 'musical pitch,' and ought not to be confounded with stress or emphasis, which we all understand. Now it is quite true that one element of the Greek accent is musical pitch, this pitch, however, being part of the common music of spoken language, not of singing or of intonation; but it also means emphasis or stress, as can easily be proved from the language of ancient grammarians and rhetoricians; and there is no contradiction between these two things. But, even supposing it meant only musical pitch and not emphasis at all, this would form not

the slightest justification of the present practice of pronouncing Greek with the stress laid on Latin chords by the ancient Romans, rather than with the stress laid on Greek words by the living Greek people, an utterly unscientific and indefensible transference that arose out of mere scholastic carelessness and the want of all rhetorical culture in the great English schools, assisted, I believe, by a certain one-sided hobby-horsicality about metres, which for a considerable period gave a peculiar and somewhat narrow character to English scholarship. There is nothing more natural and more easy than to pronounce at once with that elevation of the tone of the voice which is meant by musical pitch and that dominance of emphasis which is now the more commonly accepted meaning of the word accent. There is, therefore, no mystery in the matter; only the dogged conservatism of English scholarship, too lazy or too proud to abandon its old traditions, and eager to defend an untenable position by any sort of unpractical subtlety and artificial mystery. I have only to add that in my teaching I think it sufficient to insist on the stress being laid on the proper syllable, without insisting on the accompanying elevation of tone, partly because the ears of our students are so gross and their æsthetical culture so utterly neglected that I must fain be content to deal grossly with them, and partly also because the proper stress on the proper syllable is absolutely necessary to make the word intelligible to the ear. I should also wish to state my entire accordance with Dr. Schliemann, that it would be well in all cases that Greek were taught as a living and not as a dead language. The saving of time which this would effect is a most important consideration, and I offer myself, as a practical man, to prove publicly before any assembly of scholars in Oxford or Cambridge how this could be done easily, even on English ground, without the slightest prejudice to that minute accuracy and refined classical tone of which English Hellenism has always been proud to make her boast."